

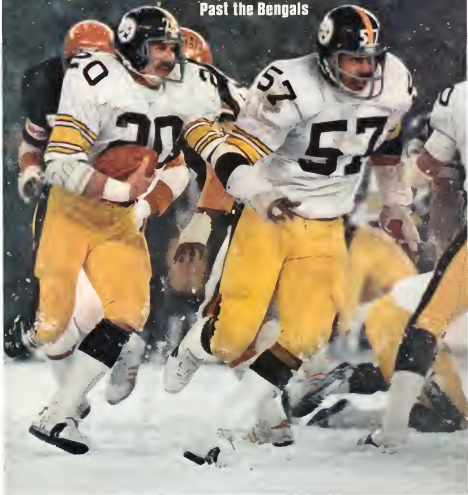
Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 6, 1976

ONE DOLLAR

THE STEELERS STORM ON

Davis Leads Bleier
Past the Bengals



Macho. It's b-a-a-a-d.



Powerful new scent
for men by Fabergé
Macho is b-a-a-a-d.
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Macho soap. At fine stores.

The Great Whisky That's Made Like Great Wine.

No other whisky in the world is made like Old Forester. That's why no other whisky in the world tastes like Old Forester.

Old Forester isn't blended. It gets its color and flavor solely from the maturation process itself. It's made naturally, like Great Wine.

For example, Great Wine is matured under exacting conditions—to control temperature and humidity. So is Old Forester.

Most great French Wines are matured naturally—in oak barrels. Old Forester is matured the same way.

Great Wines are "candled" for color and clarity. "Nosed" for aroma and bouquet. They're bottled directly from the barrel. Never blended. And of course, they cost more.

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from the man
who offers a choice**



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His experience is also what brings Aetna into the picture. Our broad range of policies and services makes us a favorite with leading independent agents across the country. Not only for Casualty, but for Life and Group insurance as well. Meeting their needs and yours is what has helped Aetna become one of the

largest multi-line insurance organizations anywhere.

For the address of the agent near you, see the Yellow Pages under Aetna Life & Casualty. The two of us make a great combination.

You get action with Aetna



8 sound reasons to buy our new receiver. Plus its sound.



Sony's new, more powerful STR-6800SD receiver should get a warm reception. Because it not only looks different from other receivers, it is different.

It has some features found in more expensive separate components—and other features found nowhere else at all.

1. The most-used controls

all in one place. The level control, muting switch, tuning knob and input and tape selectors are all in the upper right-hand corner.

2. A dial pointer that doubles in length when it's close to a station. Together with the signal strength meter and the center channel meter, this Sony exclusive helps you tune more accurately.

3. A stepped level control to keep both channels equal. It guarantees unprecedented accuracy—to within 1/2 db over the whole volume range.

4. MOS FET front end electronics unitized tuning. Because it's unitized, the receiver tunes the same whether it's cold or warmed up.

And MOS FET gives it a very wide dynamic range.

5. Dolby noise reduction system. So you can benefit from Dolby broadcasting. Instead of being an extra, it's built in—operated from the front panel.

6. Phase locked loop. It gives you better stereo separation and less distortion.

7. LEC (low emitter concentration) transistor. This Sony exclusive in the preamp phono stage yields tight RIAA equalization, low noise, low distortion and a wide dynamic range.

8. Sony's most powerful receiver. It delivers 80 watts minimum RMS continuous power per channel at 8 ohms from 20 Hz to 20,000 Hz with no more than 0.15% total harmonic distortion. It has a direct-coupled power amplifier with true complementary symmetry output stages.

And more. To these specifications (remember, we state

them conservatively), add Sony's proven reliability. And you get a receiver that produces a sound that'll make you understand why you have ears.

That's the STR-6800SD at \$600. Or, for less power and a few less features—but no loss of fidelity—the STR-5800SD at \$500 and the STR-4800SD at \$400 (all suggested retail prices).

A sound investment.



SONY

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For years, electric shaver companies have tried to make a razor that shaves close enough to satisfy blade users.

9 out of 10 say Remington's done it.



The Remington® Soft Touch™ electric razor is so good, it's hard to believe. Which is why, instead of telling you how good we think it is, we asked 100 blade users to tell you how good they think it is.

Here's what they had to say:

90 out of the 100 blade users who tried the Remington Soft Touch said it gave them a close shave.

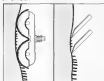
89 out of the 100 blade users who tried the Remington Soft Touch said it gave them a comfortable shave.

And 90 out of the 100 blade users who tried the Remington Soft Touch said it was the best electric shaver they'd ever tried.

There are a couple of good reasons why the Remington Soft Touch gives blade users a shave that merits such praise.

The first is the Remington Soft Touch's flexible ultra-thin shaving screen. It lets the blades get closer to your face, so it cuts closer.

And the second is the Remington Soft Touch's twin shaving heads. The first head cuts the whisker then sets it up to be cut again by the second head.



The twin head. Our answer to the twin blade.

But as impressive as all this is, a few of you may still have doubts.

So we've added yet another feature to a long line of Soft Touch innovative features:

a "no-questions-asked" money-back guarantee.

If the Remington Soft Touch doesn't give you a better shave, we'll give you your money back.

Now, what do you have to lose?

Cuts, styptic pencils, band aids, rusty blades...



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CONSUMER PRODUCTS

*Send shaver and sales slip prepaid to Remington, P.O. Box 100, New Haven, CT 06510. Offer good on Soft Touch and Radical Shavers purchased between October 1, 1988 and January 15, 1989 and postmarked no later than February 28, 1989. ©1989 S.R.C. Soft Touch is a trademark of Sperry Remington. Sperry Remington is a division of Sperry Rand Corporation.

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VENTURE



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Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy
Remember them from childhood? Now
those golden memories are coming to the silver
screen, so you can enjoy them again with your
children.

Ann and Andy star in a delightful new
animated movie along with their lovable
nursery pals.

The Camel with the Wrinkled Knees
Babette and the Gazooks King Koo Koo and
the Loonze Knight The pirate Captain and
Queasy, his parrot.

They're being brought to life by Richard
Williams, Oscar-winning director of *Dickens'*

"Christmas Carol" With songs by Grammy
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music man who made "Sesame Street" sing
And screenplay by Max Wilk and Patricia
Thackray.

"Raggedy Ann & Andy" is brought to you
by Bobbs-Merrill, the publishing people of ITT.
It's our very first movie—a kind of love song
to some favorite dolls that we'd like to share
with another generation of boys and girls.

The best ideas are the **ITT**
ideas that help people.

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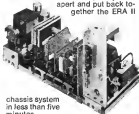
Admiral quietly reveals color television as revolutionary today as solid-state was 10 years ago.

ERA II brings the first 100% modular interconnect chassis system to color television. And the only plug-in, solid-state remote control you can install yourself.

If you have a serious respect for breakthrough technology, you will appreciate ERA II. Compare ERA II, and it will convince you. ERA II is that revolutionary.

The inside of ERA II is different from any set you'll find at any price. Instead of a jumbled tangle of wires, transistors, and diodes, there is an orderly system of seven compact, removable panels.

Maintenance has been the bane of the television industry. No longer. A serviceman can completely take apart and put back together the ERA II



chassis system
in less than five
minutes.

But with ERA II, there will be less reason to take the chassis apart. Because the entire system is built by

automated processes with 100% quality control. There is virtually no possibility of a mistake being built into the set.

Also revolutionary is the way that ERA II is operated. The optional remote control* is indeed a sophisticated device so practically built a



child can install it in seconds, without a single tool. Literally all you have to do is snap a small adaptor into the front of the set. Now or later. Whenever you want the convenience of remote control. The hand-held remote unit is designed to deliver all television channels with touch tuning. That means that you can tune in all available channels in any area without "programming" the system.

We ask you to judge our picture quality. We believe the quality of the ERA II color picture is second to none — and we've tested ERA II against every domestic and foreign competitor. We are confident that when you compare you will agree.

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Admiral ERA II. Available in 19" portable, 23" and 25" console color television. Dial the toll-free number listed below for the name and address of the dealer nearest you.

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†Screen size measured diagonally

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Paul Owens



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And, I see this ball in action everyday in my basketball camps across the country.

Believe me, it's built to take it.

Get the kids an AMF Voit basketball for Christmas... and it'll be 'round for a long time.

By the way, our basketball comes from a long line of balls that make great Christmas gifts.

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Next Week

MOUNTAIN MAN Bill Walton has himself and his game together. The massive Trail Blazer center leads the NBA in both rebounds and blocked shots and is hale, hearty and happy. Curry Kirkpatrick reports.

HIGH IN THE ROCKIES at Vail it was a perfect day for skiing. Then came the ominous rumbles from Gondola II carrying skiers up the mountain and everything went wrong. William Oscar Johnson reconstructs a tragedy.

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Your introductory volume is London—written by a Londoner born-and-bred, the illustrious author Aubrey Menen. His decidedly wry and witty observations could only have been made by someone who is both a native and a world traveler. "All great cities have their red-light districts, but few are as cautious and respectable as London's. In Soho the light is not so much red as amber."

And in comparing the Londoner to Big Ben, "The clock did not run true until somebody put a single halfpenny on the weights... In much the same way, the Londoner has added some special touch of his own to western urban man, a touch that gives him balance. One side of the coin is no doubt his sense of humour, the



other his knowledge that he has led the civilized world, and that his place in history is secure." In Menen's London, you'll meet them all—the street musicians in the East End, the barristers of that Georgian legal quarter called The Temple, the splendidly uniformed horsemen of the Queen's Household Cavalry... a Cockney enjoying a pint of beer in the local pub... the Members of the Houses of Parliament. All of it brought to vivid

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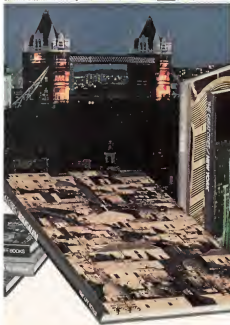
The open plaza before the Wailing Wall dates from after the Six-Day War of 1967. (Jerusalem, pp. 48-49.)



Counting with census takers, policemen, British troops, etc. (London, p. 42.)



London's medieval Tower Bridge was, in fact, completed in 1894. (London, p. 163.)



The John F. Kennedy Memorial, an Israeli design, is a tribute to a friendly genocide. (Jerusalem, p. 194.)



Special Events Director: Ka Ishiyama
Enterprise: Richard H. Bashir

Seagram's V.O. presents seven old Christmas Classics.
And one new one.



Yes, Virginia, There is a Santa Claus. Editor Francis Church's letter in 1897 to 8 year old Virginia became a classic when the New York Sun reprinted it every Christmas for 50 years.



"Silent Night" Christmas Eve, and the church organ was broken. So Austria's Father Mohr, with guitarist Franz Gruber, wrote "Silent Night" for Midnight Mass.



St. Nick's Day, Dec. 6th: Bishop Nicholas was imprisoned for his faith, and later sainted for working miracles. His day was blended with Christmas and the myth of Santa Claus.

The Seagram's V.O. Gift Classic

The 1976 V.O. gift package is the newest Christmas classic. (And the Gift Classic container—with a bottle of V.O. inside—is yours at no extra cost.) Like the taste of V.O., it's both distinctive and unique. A fitting way to celebrate being America's Favorite Canadian for over 25 years.



The First Christmas Card: In 1843, Sir Henry Cole's idea for a Christmas card was designed by artist John Horsley, then lithographed, and hand-colored. About 1000 were sold.



The Christmas Tree: In the 1650's German Pilgrims brought their Tannenbaum (Christmas Tree) tradition to the new land, long before the practice took root in England.



Pass the Toast, Please: The Wassail Bowl was a traditional Christmas drink served in medieval England. Floating in it were pieces of toast. Hence, "toasting," a formal affirmation of friendship. In the same way today, we affirm friendships by taking up a glass.



Merry Saturnalia: Before the birth of Christ there was a December celebration called "Saturnalia." It paid tribute to...you guessed it...the god Saturn.



The railroads They're doing essential More than ever, they

A reminder from U.S. Steel

A technological revolution is quietly remaking America's railroads, the 200,000-mile system that helps move us and almost half the goods we buy.

Comfortable, attractive high-speed passenger trains have already cut the New York City-Washington, D.C. run from four hours to three. And passenger traffic is on the rise.

Piggyback hauls, in which flatcars carry loaded truck trailers, have quadrupled since 1960.

Today's integral or unit trains, a set of

locomotives and freight cars, haul coal, ore, grain and other products much more efficiently. Under unit train plans, companies can even buy a train like this, running it on a shuttle basis as frequently as desired.

With greater freedom to innovate, the railroads are making a comeback. That's a welcome change, because few industries have suffered more ill effects of governmental over-regulation than the railroads. Progressive managements have been hamstrung in their efforts to compete with other carriers, to bargain with their employees, to modernize their services.



are changing! jobs with improved efficiency. help make America work.

A free-moving economy helps make America work, and we of United States Steel think government should always be cautious in its efforts to regulate. Our own company, for example, competes with other steel producers both here and abroad. Through competition, we have won our place as a major supplier to the railroads, providing them with a variety of products — from rails, wheels and axles to special steels for lighter yet stronger cars.

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already using the underliner to reinforce runways.

The tough protection puts a stop to hazardous cracks before they happen. So vital runways are open for business, not closed for repairs.

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The Performance Company





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France's Minister of Marine places the frigate Bonhomme Richard under the flag of the United States and the command of Captain John Paul Jones. It is from this ship that Captain Jones will reply,

"I have not yet begun to fight," and defeat the British vessel, Serapis.

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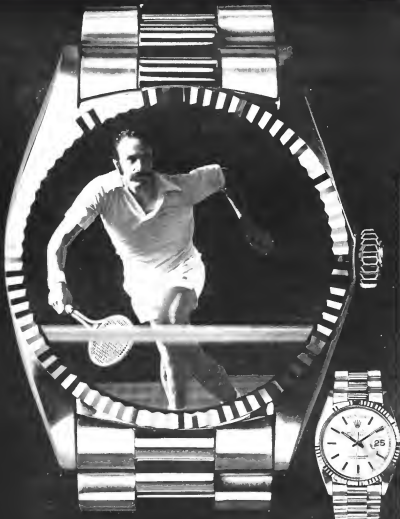


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VIEWPOINT

By WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

PUTTING THE PAY ON TOP OF THE TABLE
IS BOUND TO PAY OFF IN SKIING WINS

World-class ski racing is probably the most lucrative of all amateur sports. It certainly has been the most hypocritical in its system of paying its athletes. Now, with another racing season drawing near, the news that the old order is changing could well be accepted with skepticism. But here it is: a system so realistic that it could serve as a model for other sports federations seeking a way to help amateurs compete against subsidized stars from behind the Iron Curtain. Even if that doesn't come about, the change will have striking impact upon U.S. ski-racing fortunes.

What has happened is that the Fédération Internationale de Ski has conformed to the full letter of the International Olympic Committee's Rule 26. The rule has actually been in effect since October 1974, and provides, among other things, that an athlete may be reimbursed for "financial loss resulting from his or her absence from work or basic occupation" because of training for Olympic or world competition. The IOC left the amount of compensation "at the discretion" of the national federations and the FIS took this for approval of legalizing salary payments to ski racers—so long as the paychecks were dispensed by the national federations. Last season was the first in which the FIS authorized this method of payment, but no one publicized it, because many officials (particularly Americans) were not absolutely certain that the IOC really meant what Rule 26 seemed to say. They didn't want to risk any eligibility disputes before the 1976 Winter Games.

The wraps are off this season and the sport is the better for it. Haak Tauber, the articulate young director of the U.S. Alpine team says, "There are no true amateurs in international sport. Guidelines in skiing in the past were hypocritical and dishonest, but the U.S. team lived by the rules. But now there is the element of control in paying skiers. Since all the money is channeled to a racer through his federation, there is no more under-the-table dealing between the racer and manufacturer. Payments now legally allow a top racer to have income enough for an apartment, a car or savings for his future education and to take his girl to dinner now and then. He lives like a self-respecting person, not like some tramp straggling around trying to pick up a few illegal bucks on the side. It makes our ski racers dedicated professionals with a small 'p'."

Capital P or little p, what skiing has done is to harness the commercialism and use it to benefit both national teams and individual athletes. This means a tidy return for skiers—

continued

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VIEWPOINT continued

even those who aren't supervisors. Racers on the first-string U.S. team, for example, will average between \$600 and \$1,000 a month in broken-time payments, Tauber says. The money comes mainly from the fees advertisers pay to the team for the right to use U.S. skiers in their campaigns. These fees range from \$1,500 from a ski-pole manufacturer to \$5,000 for a ski manufacturer to a top \$100,000 from a non-ski company.

Also available under this system is an FIS "B" license that allows skiers to negotiate directly with manufacturers for what they can get. The racers who choose this category can compete in all World Cup events—but would be ineligible for the Olympics. The vast majority, about 95%, have decided against going this far, choosing to use their ski federations as their agents and thus keeping their Olympic status.

If a skier is particularly attractive to a company, he or she also can command extremely good money on an individual basis. Bill Koch, the 1976 silver medalist in cross-country skiing at Innsbruck, recently switched from Fischer to Rossignol skis. It was reported that he received \$25,000 to sign with Rossignol. That figure is probably high, still, U.S. Nordic Director John Bower says that even though he would not quote any exact figures, he expects Koch to make "a salary equivalent to what a successful junior executive takes home." Tauber is equally circumspect about the top pay for U.S. Alpine racers such as the Mahre twins, Greg Jones, Andy Mill or Candy Nelson. But if any of them becomes a superstar, \$40,000 a year could easily be within their grasp.

Whatever the new broken-time payment regulations do for ski racing in general, they could prove to be the single most important contribution to U.S. hopes. "A champion world-class skier takes eight to 12 years to develop," says Tauber. "He has to compete until he is 27 or 28. Americans haven't been able to do that because they couldn't afford to. You can't expect them to live off their parents that long. It is demeaning. In the past, Americans have been on a much lower level of pay than Europeans because we were very sensitive about eligibility. Now that the FIS has opened this new territory, we can encourage our skiers by paying them well and by giving them an environment where they can afford to race long enough to really excel."

Other sports federations might well follow ski racing's lead. They could negotiate commercial endorsements for their athletes and get the cash moving over the table to all competitors instead of under the table to select stars. This would give free-world athletes a chance to compete on an even footing with the openly professional competitors from Eastern Europe. Pay them year round, all year, every year. It may not be amateurism with a capital A, but for once it won't be hypocrisy with a capital H, either. **END**

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GENERAL ELECTRIC



Shopwalk

by JOE JARES

HERE COMES TRAC-BALL. DIRECT FROM THE PEOPLE THAT GAVE US HULA HOOPS

Los Angeles is rich in pop culture, having given us tangerine-flake auto paint, Big Boy and McDonald's hamburgers, Barbie and Ken, and Pink Bubble Gum ice cream. Now, from the people who gave us the Hula Hoop, the biggest fad toy in the gaming annals of U.S. history, comes Trac-Ball, a game that Wham-O Manufacturing Company hopes will find its way into hearts and homes in time for Christmas.

Admittedly, the Hula Hoop is a tough act to follow. After making a name for itself with the Frisbee, Wham-O introduced the hoops in March 1958. Some 100 million were sold in the first six months. Wham-O has never quite gotten over it and, in trying to find another winner, has turned out some real weirdies. There was Bat Liver, a brown goo something like Sally Pully, which was never marketed, and flexible pencils, an idea whose time had not quite come. There also was In-van-t Fish, a package of fish eggs that would hatch in live to 12 hours after being plopped into water, but the problem there was that Wham-O couldn't round up enough eggs—or fish—and "we had to pass up maybe several million dollars in orders," says one official. Also, this was not the case for Nutty Nottier, Whirlie Twirlie, Magic Window, Super Sweeper, Zip Zap and a battery-powered fishing lure that had, believe it or not, an electric bulb on one end.

Wham-O hopes Trac-Ball will do better. The basic set, which sells for \$7 to \$10, depending on the store, consists of two curved plastic racquets, which resemble jai alai cestas, and four balls, two white and two yellow, which resemble shuttle balls. The 2 1/2" long racquets weigh six ounces each, and the balls, made of what Wham-O calls Zectron, weigh less than an ounce; the yellow ones are slightly heavier for greater stability in the wind. So far, pretty routine—but Wham-O scientists haven't been asleep. The secret is in the racquets: they have cage-type ball traps for catching and curved tracks with gripper teeth that impart a tremendous spin to the balls. An overhead toss will take off in a straight line, then suddenly climb. Sidewind heaves will produce startling curves. Getting the hang of all this is slightly more difficult than tossing and catching a Frisbee, and any number of games can be played.

If Trac-Ball doesn't make it, it's back to the Hula Hoop. This season's new, improved model talks. It makes a "shoop, shoop" sound as it whirls around a grating body. **END**

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

WORMY

Amid all the hoopla and oohs and aahs about the high-priced signing of baseball's free agents—a disproportionate number of them from Charlie Finley's disenchanted Oakland A's—it might be well to remember that Finley's multimillion-dollar lawsuit against Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn goes to trial in Chicago on Dec. 13.

Finley-Kuhn? Rudi-Fingers-Blue? Right. It seems longer ago, but it was only last spring that Finley, disturbed because he could not sign some of his recalcitrant players, began dealing them off. First, he traded Reggie Jackson and Ken Holtzman to the Orioles, hoping perhaps to shock other misanthropes on his team into accepting contracts. When they would not, he suddenly sold Vida Blue to the Yankees and Joe Rudi and Rolfe Fingers to the Red Sox. Kuhn canceled the deals as not being in the best interests of baseball. Finley managed to sign Blue in the middle of the hoooraw, but Rudi and Fingers played unsigned the rest of the year, became free agents and now have joined other clubs, Rudi the Angels, Fingers the Padres.

It's a fascinating situation. If Kuhn had not canceled Finley's deals with New York and Boston, the Oakland owner would have received about \$3.5 million for the three players. As it is, he still has Blue—and a shattered ball club—but nothing whatever to show for Rudi and Fingers, not to mention Sal Bando, Gene Tenace, Don Baylor and Bert Campaneris, who also fled Finleyville after becoming free agents.

If Finley wins his suit against Kuhn, he will certainly expect the commissioner (or organized baseball) to pay him the money the Red Sox would have given him last June for Rudi and Fingers. Or the court could decide that the deal was in fact a *fait accompli*, that Rudi and Fingers belong (although still unsigned) to the Red Sox, and that the Boston club owes Charlie a couple of million dollars.

The latter decision would upset the Angels and the Padres and, presumably, Rudi and Fingers, who would become free agents all over again—wouldn't they?—if they chose not to sign with the Red Sox. Which would leave the Red Sox bereft of both the players and the money they would have to pay Finley. And what about the Yankee purchase of Blue? Who's Blue's?

Talk about a can of worms.

PLAYERS TO BE NAMED LATER

The pro football draft was declared illegal by a Federal Court five months after the New England Patriots traded quarterback Jim Plunkett to the San Francisco 49ers for one second-string player and four top 49er draft picks (two in 1976, before the draft was shot down in court, and two more in 1977). The court decision is being appealed, of course, and in any event some sort of draft apparatus seems sure to be worked out between the owners and the players. Even so, Patriot fans are wondering what might happen if the 1976 draft is canceled. They don't want Plunkett back, now that Steve Grogan has emerged as one of the best young quarterbacks in the league. But neither do they like the idea of the 49ers keeping Plunkett for half price, while the Patriots sit there contemplating the egg on their faces.

Well, it turns out that such gloomy speculation is academic. Chuck Fairbanks, the Patriot head coach, anticipated the possible elimination of the draft when he made the Plunkett trade and had a solution written into the deal. If there is no 1977 draft, and the 49ers therefore are unable to give the Patriots the promised first and second picks, there will be a private "draft," involving only New England and San Francisco. The word is that the 49ers can protect Plunkett and three more players, after which the Patriots can select any two of the 39 other names on the San Francisco roster. That's not such a bad option play.

CITY LIFE

With all the talk about so many animals being placed on the endangered species list because of the depredations of man, it is probably only fair to report that there is another list, although a much smaller one, of wild animals that are distinctly not endangered by man but seem to flourish in close proximity to him.

Prominent on this roster are the armadillo, the coyote and the raccoon. These three not only have learned to live comfortably in man's environment, they show signs of preferring built-up areas to wild ones. Armadillos are found in relative abundance on the outskirts of towns and cities in many parts of the Sunbelt, and there are, supposedly, more coyotes running loose in the streets of Los Angeles than there are dogs.

As for raccoons, they're everywhere. In Memphis, for example, there are more raccoons per acre than there are in any forestland in the South. In one three-day period, in a small area around the Mem-



phis zoo, 100 raccoons, including three albinos, were trapped and shipped off to the wild areas of the Great Smoky Mountains, where there is a shortage.

WINNING IS THE THING

Bill Veack is often described as the best promotion man baseball has known, the man who comes up with the lots-of-fun gimmicks that bring people to the ball park and keep them coming back for more. Now Paul Richards, the venerable manager who came out of retirement at

continued

Veeck's request to run the White Sox last season and who has stepped aside to let Bob Lemon take over, has expressed a heretical opinion of Veeck's promotional bent. You understand that Richards and Veeck comprise a two-man mutual admiration society, and that Richards' remarks are those of a friend who is not afraid to say what he thinks about his good buddy.

In talking about Veeck's recent back operation, Richards said, "We were all worried, and so were the doctors. I'll tell you this: Bill's got to let up. He can't be making three speeches in the morning, flying to Peoria for lunch, driving up to Rockford for a dinner and then staying up half the night on the telephone. How many tickets does that sell, really? I've always felt Bill overemphasizes promotions and giveaways. When he had all those promotions in Cleveland and Chicago years ago, he had good teams, too, and a good team is what really brings people into the ball park. If the White Sox win, people will come to the park."

PAST 60

When New Jersey voters legalized casino gambling in Atlantic City last month there was speculation that casino operators in Las Vegas and Reno would be upset by this encroachment on what had been a virtual monopoly for Nevada. Gambling in the Western state generated about \$1.7 billion last year, and it provided the state treasury with \$91.2 million in taxes. Yet Nevadans have shown little worry over possible competition from Atlantic City.

"It's going to take a long time for anyone to compete with the Nevada style of gambling, plush as it is," says Jeffrey Silver, a member of the Nevada Gaming Control Board. "They're going to need a lot of urban renewal before they get started."

"They've got an awful lot to learn," says Robbins Cahill of the Nevada Resort Association. "We're 30 years ahead of them."

The Westerners concede that high rollers from the East who pop out to Vegas four or five times a year might switch some of their play to Atlantic City, but they feel that most tourists, to whom gambling is only one of the attractions that Nevada offers—sunny weather, luxury hotels and big-name shows are others—will keep coming. Indeed, one Ne-

vadan argues that the New Jersey experiment might well stimulate greater interest in the Nevada resort. "People who first try the tables in Atlantic City," he says, "will eventually come out here, too."

In the meantime, a real-life game of Monopoly is under way in the New Jersey city as business interests compete to buy hotels, restaurants, vacant land, almost anything. Real estate near the Boardwalk and on Pacific and Atlantic Avenues is as prized as it is in the famous board game, which was patterned after Atlantic City streets. "It's like throwing dice on the Monopoly board," says one of the leaders of the campaign that got gambling legalized.

LONG POINT

When Tony Dorsett (or Anthony Dorsett, if you prefer the way the Pitt star says his own name) locked up the Heisman Trophy with his record-shaking performance against Penn State last Friday night, he received a tremendous amount of well-deserved publicity. We now shift to the other end of the football spectrum, about as far from Dorsett and Pitt and nationally televised football as you can get, to the small city of Sarnia in Ontario, Canada. There, a high school player named Paul Elbourne did something on the football field that deserves a little attention, too.

Elbourne plays for Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School, known locally as SCITS. Last month, when SCITS played St. Patrick's High School, Elbourne went back to punt. In Canadian football a point is scored when a punt is kicked beyond the opponent's end zone, on roll or carry. Canadian end zones are 25 yards deep, rather than 10, as in the American game, and the field itself is 110 yards long.

SCITS was bogged down deep in its own territory, and Elbourne was standing 15 yards inside the end zone when he kicked the ball. It carried on the fly—it was a very windy day—all the way to the St. Patrick 40, where it bounced high and, aided by the wind, continued to bounce and roll all the way to and through the end zone for a SCITS point.

Add it up. It was a 150-yard punt.

ROUGH ROUGH EXAM

Dog owners can be insufferable when they talk about how smart their pets are.

Psychologist Kathryn Coon of Baton Rouge, La., whose Daquiri, a mixed-breed, flunked out of obedience school, got tired of hearing how intellectually superior other people's pooches were and worked up a way of measuring a dog's native, untrained intelligence.

She devised a test with 10 problems, each to be solved in no longer than 15 seconds. A dog is graded either "pass" or "fail" on each. A perfect score of 10 indicates a "brilliant" animal; a score of one means "very dumb." So far the average score has been 5.75.

The problems seem simple to the human mind—for instance, a dog watches as a food treat is placed under one of three cups, it must then select the right cup, turn it over and obtain the food—but they evaluate an animal's alertness and perceptiveness. For example, when food was put into a shoebox with a square opening on one side, fewer than half the dogs were able to get the treat within the 15-second time limit.

One significant finding is what Coon calls "the owner correlation." She says, "People who think their dogs are smart usually have dogs which do not do as well as they expected. And the opposite happens with owners who think their dogs are stupid."

Her own Daquiri, for instance, obviously an underachiever in obedience school, did a lot better on the IQ test than Coon anticipated. "She wasn't as dumb as I thought," she says. The change in her attitude toward Daquiri since the testing—a newfound respect?—apparently has been reflected in her pet's behavior. "Now when she chases her tail," Coon says, "she catches it."

THEY SAID IT

● Edward Steinberg, Silver Spring, Md. sports fan, commenting on Bowie Kuhn being named chairman of National Bible Week: "One wonders whether the baseball commissioner received this designation because the Bible starts with the words, 'In the big inning . . .'"

● Dwane Morrison, Georgia Tech basketball coach: "Everyplace I go there's interest in Georgia Tech basketball. But then I only go places where there's interest in Georgia Tech and basketball."

● Joe Morgan, on his back-to-back awards as the National League's MVP: "It's like children. That first one is something but you love 'em both as much." **END**

THE '76 OLYMPICS

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Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 4, 1978

SMASHING THROUGH



THE SNOW

The Pittsburgh avalanche rolled on, burying Cincinnati and keeping Steeler hopes alive, but there is tough shedding ahead in the playoff drive **by Dan Jenkins**



CONTINUED

From the start, it was one huge argument for playing football under a roof. When the Cincinnati Bengals skated into their frozen Riverfront Stadium last Sunday afternoon, ready to body-check the Super Bowl champion Pittsburgh Penguins—err, Steelers—right out of the NFL playoffs, the temperature was 26°, the sky was almost black and snow would soon be piling up on the green AstroTurf. Even Bowie Kuhn might have been tempted to put on a topcoat.

This was a game that Cincinnati badly needed to win, and Pittsburgh had to win. If the Steelers lost, they would have five defeats and could forget about any Super hat trick in Pasadena. If the Bengals lost—well, they would have three defeats and would probably have to beat the Raiders next Monday night in Oakland in order to secure a playoff berth. So there was a certain amount of drama in the pregame babble.

Mostly the talk centered around the belief that the very thought of the Steelers was enough to send the Bengals off a bridge, any one of those that continually lead visitors into Kentucky when they are desperately searching for their hotels in Ohio. The word was that the Steelers now had the Bengals psyched and intimidated. After all, Pittsburgh had won four straight against Cincinnati, including the 23-6 rout earlier this season that finally got the Steelers out of the blocks after they had lost four of their first five games.

That triumph launched the Steelers on a six-game winning streak; even one loss likely would have eliminated them from the playoffs by now. Complicating matters, all types of Pittsburgh heroes—Quarterback Terry Bradshaw, Wide Receiver Lynn Swann, Defensive Lineman Fats Holmes—were out of action at various times, and the Steelers even had to start a mere rookie, Mike Kruczek, at quarterback in four games. Kruczek won them all, though, simply by handing the ball off to Franco Harris or Rocky Bleier on almost every play and then getting out of their way. Not that Pittsburgh needed much offense. For 22 quarters the Steelers did not allow a touchdown.

There were various theories about what had been wrong with Pittsburgh during its four early losses. Some blamed the injuries. Others insisted it was the old "tired of winning" syndrome. Perhaps it was some bad luck catching up with a team that had enjoyed so much



Franco Harris glided, drifted and really slid into the Bengals' end zone for the winning touchdown.

good luck, for fortune certainly smiles on clubs that win consecutive Super Bowls. The Steelers had to have been slightly unlucky to lose to Oakland 31-28 after leading by 14 points late in the fourth quarter. In another mysterious defeat, Pittsburgh had New England down 20-9 but gave it away 30-27. While some felt the Steelers had begun poorly because they were playing too deliberately, as if afraid to lose rather than trying to win, one club official attributed it all to overconfidence. "I think they simply thought they could win any time they felt like it," he said. In any event, the

Steelers were offering no excuses. Owner Art Rooney, interrupting his attack on a cigar, said before Sunday's game, "If we're left out of it after today, we've got nobody to blame. No bad calls or bad breaks. We did it to ourselves." Then he bundled himself up to observe the confrontation.

The visibility in Riverfront Stadium was deteriorating so quickly, however, it is unlikely that Rooney or many others of the 55,142 customers ever saw little Chris Bahr kick the rumored 40-yard field goal that gave the Bengals a 3-0 lead near the end of the first quarter, just be-

Aud it was only yesterday these people were watching the Cincinnati Reds win the World Series.





fore the snow began to fall. Bahr's kick was the difference between the two teams at halftime, unless you wanted to take into account Pittsburgh's mistakes. In fact, through nearly all of three quarters, Steeler errors were far more to blame for the continuing deficit than anything the Bengals could manage to do. Pittsburgh gained a lot of yards and moved the football, which at times more nearly resembled a snowball, through the white stuff pretty well, but then something would happen to stop them and the stadium maintenance crew had to come out and scrape off the field to find out what it was. Every time the Steelers seemed ready to hold on for a score, they were victimized by an interception or a busted play or a fumble. Twice they lost the football on first downs in Cincinnati territory after advancing it convincingly to that point. Another time they got real close, all the way to the Bengal 17, but an offside penalty nullified an 11-yard gain by Harris. Next Kruczek was sacked by Coy Bacon, and then he ran a busted play. After which Roy Gerela, who had missed an earlier field-goal try from 27 yards, had his 47-yard attempt blocked by Ron Carpenter.

And thus it went until Pittsburgh finally got the break it needed in the final moments of the third quarter, the kind of break a team will get when it just possibly has the other guys psyched out. After a Pittsburgh punt, the Bengals gave the snowball to Boobie Clark on first

down, and Clark coasted for seven yards. The only trouble was, when everyone stood up and brushed off the snow, a member of the Steel Curtain with the rather appropriate name of White—Dwight White—was clutching the football just inside the Cincinnati 25.

Twenty-five yards can be a long way to go when you can't stand up or see very well, particularly when the rules won't let you use a sled. But Kruczek remained upright just long enough to see Swann and hit him with a 14-yard pass to put the Steelers in the vicinity of the Bengals' 11. Then Bleser, who grew up in the snow country of Wisconsin, skied right behind Guard Sam Davis for seven yards. Bleser must have had snow-tire studs on his football shoes because he rushed for a game-high 97 yards and was the only player who didn't skid left when he wanted to turn right. Rocky's run brought the ball to the Cincinnati four. From four yards out it is usually tempting to give the ball to Harris, and that is what Kruczek did.

So Harris did the best Hamill Camel of the day, or double axel, or whatever they call those things skaters do. All these large guys were standing up and shoving and tugging, and there went Franco, drifting to his right and aiming at a huge hole his blockers had opened. He shoved off with one foot and sort of glided, and then he shoved off with the other and did a bit of ice dancing—and all of a sudden he was in the Cincinnati end zone and trying to stop himself from going on through a tunnel and out into the whitecaps of the Ohio River. Gerela kicked the extra point to make the score 7-3, which was how the game ended.

As touchdowns go, it wasn't exactly a thing of beauty, or even entirely memorable, but if the Steelers do wind up in the playoffs, it will be pressed into every steel worker's scrapbook.

The Bengals were not finished, however, and later stopped Kruczek on a fourth-and-one sneak almost at their goal line. In their last two games, the Bengals had miraculously pulled off last-second victories over Houston and Kansas City when Quarterback Ken Anderson connected on desperation passes to Isaac Curtis and Bruce Coslet. After the Bengals stopped the Steelers, Anderson was faced with a second-down-and-six call at his own six. He stepped back into the end zone and lofted a bomb to Curtis at midfield. The ball disappeared in the



Rookie Kruczek completed 10 of 15 snowballs.

whirling snow, and when it reappeared Curtis caught it over his shoulder in perfect stride. On a clear day Curtis may have run forever. On this day, though, he was forced out of bounds.

With 1:29 remaining in the game, Anderson moved the Bengals to a first down on the Pittsburgh 24, and if he had been able to plant his feet, he might have presented the home folks with a winning touchdown. As Pittsburgh Defensive Back Mike Wagner said, "I couldn't even see Kenny from 25 yards back. I could see his form but nothing else. When the ball was in the air, I couldn't see it until it was halfway to the receiver." But Anderson kept slipping and falling, and his four passes were incomplete.

So for now, at least, the Steelers have weathered another storm, but the odds still are not altogether in their favor. Cincinnati has a one-game lead in the AFC Central, and the Steelers suddenly find themselves at the mercy of their old chums the Oakland Raiders, of all people. Pittsburgh finishes against Tampa Bay and Houston and seems assured of a 10-4 record. But that may be good enough for the playoffs only if Oakland beats the Bengals.

Well, at least it never snows in Oakland.

END



ROYAL SKI WASN'T CAUGHT NAPPING

One of the season's best 2-year-olds got out of a tough trap to win the prestigious Remsen while his owner was taking a snooze in Toronto. You see, racing fans, Bruin Goalie Gerry Cheevers had to go to work that night **by William Leggett**

With little more than a quarter mile remaining in the \$82,575 Remsen stakes last Saturday, a 2-year-old named Royal Ski was in about as much trouble as a horse can get himself into without actually falling down. He was trapped in what racetrackers call "a large box," with four horses in front of him fighting for the lead and another directly alongside. Putting the thing in perspective, Ski was skiing uphill.

"I looked and couldn't find him," said his trainer, 29-year-old John (Butch) Lenzini. "It went through my head that we had done every damned thing wrong. We put Royal Ski in the Remsen so he would have a chance to be recognized as the top 2-year-old in the country. He certainly deserved the shot because he had won four stakes at four different racetracks, and in eight lifetime races had

never run over the same track twice. But when I looked up the track and saw the mess he was in, I thought, 'Dammit, Ski, we've done wrong by you. We ran you in one race too many.' Then I saw him start to roll."

At the top of the Aqueduct stretch, Jockey Jack Kartz detected a small crevice and shoved Royal Ski through it. Ski was suddenly three horses wide but moving up on the front-runners. A sixteenth of a mile from the wire Royal Ski's head was nodding in tandem with theirs, and then he went by them as if they had been nailed to the ground, winning by 1½ lengths in the nation's only major 2-year-old race contested at a distance as long as 1½ miles. Naturally, Royal Ski's entourage began jumping up and down and kissing folks nearby before rushing off to the winner's circle.

But the owner of Royal Ski did no such thing. At the time his horse was making his big move, Gerry Cheevers was starting to awaken from a nap in room 907 of the Sutton Place Hotel in Toronto. Later on he got a phone call giving him the good news. "Won, eh?" he said. "I'm supposed to be a cool kind of a guy, but I'm really excited. The thing is that my real job starts in a couple of hours. Nothing can interfere with that. First things must come first."

Cheevers is a goalie for the Boston Bruins, and his major concerns these days are not popped osselets, rundown bandages or blinkers, but screen shots, breakaways and clearing pucks. His Bruins, who have the best record in the NHL, are aiming at reaching the Stanley Cup playoffs for the 10th year in a row. Cheevers may have the right perspective about



PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY TROLO

ple-and-gold set of silks, the colors of the Cleveland Crusaders, a now defunct WHA team that Cheevers played for before returning to the Bruins last season. For some reason, Cheevers still considers purple and gold a lucky combination. Royal Ski also has a habit of casting himself in his stall, which in horse parlance means getting himself in a position from which he cannot rise. Against this, his stall has been padded to keep the colt from injuring himself.

What currently interests Cheevers most about Ski's future has to do with a green piece of paper that folds out like a road map and says OFFICIAL BALLOT—ECLIPSE AWARDS 1976. The ballot contains 11 categories to be voted upon by members of the National Turf Writers Association, Daily Racing Form staff and members of the Thoroughbred Racing Association. The first category on the ballot is for top "2-year-old colt or gelding," a credential highly prized by horsemen. Royal Ski may not get it because the ballots were sent out a few weeks ago, and many of them were probably marked and mailed in before the running of the Remsen.

Should that be the case, the results will surely cause a controversy. Early voters probably gave the nod either to Seattle Slew, who won the Champagne Stakes in October by nearly 10 lengths, or Run Dusty Run, like Ski a four-time stakes winner. Seattle Slew ran only three times this year, however. The Champagne was his only stakes appearance, and his other two races were over the same track, Belmont Park. Run Dusty Run beat Royal Ski in the Arlington-Washington Futurity on Sept. 25, but neither Slew nor Run Dusty Run has raced farther than a mile, while Royal Ski has gone better than a mile in three stakes and won each time.

If Royal Ski does not win an Eclipse, the loudest cries of anguish will probably come from New England, where Ski is becoming a legend partly because of Cheevers' position as Bruin goalie. Although Ski was bred in Kentucky and is stabled in Maryland, he won his first stake at Suffolk Downs in July, beating nine other starters in the Mayflower Stakes. It is rare for a good runner to come out of New England. In fact, horseplayers have suggested that the last good

New England horse was the one under Paul Revere.

Athletes have dabbled in thoroughbred racing in the past, but most have had little success. Whitey Ford tried it, as have Gordie Howe, Bobby Orr, Al Kaline, Richie Allen and Jim Kaat. When Cheevers started buying horses four years ago, however, the racing business was getting no maiden. "I walked hots and worked on the backstretch at Ft. Erie when I was a young hockey player," says Cheevers. "I'd do it during the off-season and it was good work. The pay was only \$50 a week, but I got to know horses and started to understand them. Later I worked selling mutual tickets and then got a job in the publicity department of the Ontario Jockey Club."

Today, Cheevers owns some 20 horses trained in Maryland by Lenzini and his father. A few years back an outfit called the Four and Thirty Stable showed up on the tracks. It was named for Bobby Orr (uniform No. 4) and Cheevers (No. 30). The two had fun, but made little money. Cheevers and Orr are still friends, and when it came time to submit names for two of his yearlings to The Jockey Club for registration earlier this year, Cheevers proposed either Royal Ski or Royal Goal for his Raja Baba colt and Score For Orr for his son of Exclusive Native. The Jockey Club selected Royal Ski. The other colt, Score For Orr, has started three times but has yet to win.

Royal Ski will be shipped to Florida for a rest before a winter campaign that hopefully will get him to the Kentucky Derby. Cheevers, meanwhile, will be thinking Stanley Cup. If the Bruins make it, he will certainly miss the first two legs of the Triple Crown, because neither Louisville nor Baltimore has an NHL franchise. In fact, he has seen his horse win only two stakes, the Mayflower and the Heritage. "I usually find out in a hurry, though, about how he has done," says Cheevers. An hour after the Remsen, Betty Cheevers, who was at Aqueduct for the race, called him in Toronto. "Listen," she said, and a taped call of the race went out over the phone. "Ski is some kind of horse," Cheevers told his wife, "and we're lucky, just plain lucky." That night Cheevers' luck ran out; Toronto put four goals by him, and the Bruins lost 4-2.

ENR

Ski and jockey Jack Kurts (third from left) begin their big move from the top of the stretch

Royal Ski, but his teammates tend to go overboard. "Horsing," said Left-winger Wayne Cashman after hearing of the latest win, "has the Vanderbilts, the Whitneys and the Cheeverses."

At this early stage of his career, Royal Ski is already one of racing's better bargains. Cheevers bought the son of Raja Baba-Coz O'Nijinsky for \$20,500 at Keeneland's 1975 fall yearling sales. He admired the sire, a son of Bold Ruler, and the dam, an unraced mare who is a cousin of Nijinsky II, the famed European champion of 1969-70. The Keeneland sales that year had 109 yearlings who fetched more than Royal Ski, though Cheevers was ready to go to \$30,000 to get him. By winning the Remsen, Ski's earnings jumped to \$309,704, making him the top money-winning 2-year-old of 1976 and one of the early favorites for next spring's Triple Crown races. Offers to syndicate Royal Ski have already started to surface, and the colt is now probably worth at least \$1 million.

Ski runs beneath an odd-looking pur-

TONY DOES HIS NUMBER ONE MORE TIME

In his last regular-season show, with Pittsburgh as a stage, Mr. Dorsett starred before a very unappreciative audience of Penn Staters **by Douglas S. Looney**

Well, nice try, Penn State. You hoped to stop Tony Dorsett and you thought you could beat Pittsburgh, and even though you didn't come close to accomplishing one or the other, don't feel too badly. No one else this season has stopped Dorsett or his teammates either.

Last Friday night, as Pitt embarrassed Penn State 24-7, Dorsett concluded his regular-season college career in high gear. By running for 224 yards he wound up with 11 NCAA records, tied three others, set 28 school records and became the first collegian ever to gain more than 6,000 yards. Before the cheering in Three Rivers Stadium stopped, he made it to 6,082, thus bettering Archie Griffin's 1972-75 output by 905 yards. Said Dorsett, "I'm happy."

As a result of all this record-smashing (included were most career points, 356, breaking by two Glenn Davis' 1943-46 achievement) Pitt remained undefeated and ranked No. 1 in the nation. Although there still lurks in many suspicious minds the feeling that the Panthers' relatively undemanding schedule is a poor gauge of greatness, even the skeptics were forced to give Pitt its due.

There was speculation before the game that Dorsett might not do it against Penn State and that Pitt could be taken. The Panthers had split over whether to go to the Orange or Sugar Bowl (Sugar won). Then a furor erupted over whether Coach Johnny Majors would be leaving to take the head job at Tennessee, his alma mater, where the Majors name is revered. Finally, Pitt hadn't beaten Penn State since 1965.

Obviously, the key to the game was Dorsett. "If he gets 200 yards, we lose," said Gregg Duquette, a Penn State defensive coach. "If he only gets 100, we win." Not everyone viewed it that way. Paterno kept saying, "We're not playing Dorsett, we're playing Pitt," but coaches will say those things. Publicly, Head Coach

Joe Paterno praised Pitt so profusely he sounded like the Panther publicist. Privately, he was not so laudatory. Said Joe, pushing aside his jottings on something called the blast 45 defense, "They're not a super team in my mind, but if they are, all these X's and O's aren't going to matter."

Amid the hoopla, Penn Staters tended to forget that their team hadn't been all that super itself. After losing an early-season game to Ohio State, which it could have won, State was beaten by Iowa and Kentucky for three in a row. Paterno had to really go to work to put the pieces back together and scrape out of a mess a few weeks later against Temple in order to end up with a Gator Bowl invitation to play Notre Dame.

Paterno said he had no intention of designing a "stop Tony Dorsett" defense, working furiously in the meantime on a defense to stop some Pittsburgh running back wearing jersey No. 33. "He can score seven touchdowns and gain 500 yards," Paterno announced, "and I'll still be pleased—if we score one more point. Dorsett is not going to affect us psychologically."

So, while refusing to admit it was focusing outright on Dorsett, Penn State worked against what it euphemistically called Pitt's running game. Periodically the players would observe and presumably memorize scenes from that hit film *Dorsett in Acron* and to get the word from Joe: "We want to frustrate them till they get desperate."

The defensive plan was to keep Dorsett running laterally as long as possible and then, the moment he turned upfield, to zing him. More important, the coaches urged that the defense work as a unit and not allow any cracks through which Dorsett could step with haste because of his acceleration. State also wanted to prevent Dorsett from getting to the wide field, to get proper angles on him and,

when tackling, to "stick your head through his numbers."

Furthermore, State added a few defensive wrinkles (the team had a total of 16 alignments), but the main concern was whether the linebackers could handle the action. Two of them (Ron Hostetler and Steve Wanamaker) were hurt and definitely out, and three others (Rick Donaldson, Bruce Clark and Matt Miller) were freshmen. As it turned out, Miller and Clark largely decorated the sidelines while two older players were summoned to the brawl—Joe Diange, who had spent much of the year at defensive end, and Tom DePasso, who had previously lost his starting linebacker job. The steady force was senior Kurt Allerman.

Defensive Tackle Tony Petruccio said the coaches had told the players not to think about Dorsett. But do you? "Sure." While the intent was to try to consider him just another back ("Play the man," advised Duquette, "not the name. If you



see a Heisman Trophy running at you, you're in trouble"), it was ironic that three subs who wore practice jerseys bearing No. 33 suffered a week of particularly hard licks.

Ron Crosby, a defensive end, said his hope was to get Dorsett before Tony got momentum. Said Crosby, "You can't make mental mistakes. If you do, all you'll do in a game is maybe get a chance to wave at him. But we know Dorsett will break one for 30 yards. So what?" The prevailing Penn State theory was: we don't have to play a perfect game to win; we know we can win and they only think they can.

The first three times Pitt got the ball, Dorsett was like a man in a rush-hour subway. In five carries he netted six yards. Penn State went ahead 7-0 when Quarterback Chuck Fusina, who grew up in a house on Hilkrest Avenue that overlooks Three Rivers Stadium, completed a 21-yard swing pass to Bob Torrey for

the touchdown. State's ensuing kickoff bounced crazily on the damp Tartan Turf. Bob Hutton of Pitt finally falling on the ball back on the two-yard line. Two runs, one by Dorsett, gained only five, and it began to look as if Penn State might take over in Pitt territory, score again and—well, who knows what. But on third down Pitt Quarterback Matt Cavanaugh threw a long pass to the flashy Gordon Jones, who carried into State territory. The Panthers were off the hook.

Pitt failed to score on this penetration, but midway through the second quarter the Panthers moved to the State 13, thanks largely to another Cavanaugh-to-Jones pass. Burned by the pass, the Nittany Lions had to lay off Dorsett a bit. Trouble. He swept left end for two, right end for five and took a pitchout around left end for the touchdown.

The score was still 7-7 at halftime and Dorsett had only 51 yards, but there was an uneasy quiet in the Penn State dress-

ing room. Said Ducatte, "There can be a we've-got-'em kind of quiet or a we-don't-have-'em kind of quiet. There's a fine line between them."

While Penn State was worrying, Pitt spent its intermission figuring out that in the first half Penn State had baffled the Panther attack by lining up head-on against Pitt's linemen and protecting the weak side with an extra linebacker—things never seen in a Nittany Lion game film. So the Panthers made their halftime adjustments, and they came out of the dressing room breathing fire—and in an unbalanced line that thoroughly confused the Penn State defenders. Twenty-five minutes' practice against this formation had not been enough. "From then on we were one step behind," said Penn State Assistant Coach Jerry Sandusky. "Frankly, we didn't think they'd go unbalanced."

Not only did they go unbalanced, they added another wrinkle. Pitt put the split end and flanker on the tight-end side of the line, in effect giving Dorsett an extra blocker on strong-side sweeps. Penn State had to alter its defense, and just when it seemed that the Nittany Lions had figured it out, bingo!—Dorsett unveiled a new play, a counter to the weak side.

There was more. Noticing that holes were opening up briefly for his fullbacks, Pitt Offensive Line Coach Joe Avezzano convinced Majors to try Dorsett at fullback, for the first time, up close to those short-lived openings. The results were glowing. Dorsett for seven up the middle, Dorsett for three around end, Dorsett, at fullback, for—whoops!—40 up the middle and his second touchdown.

Dorsett, Dorsett, Dorsett. Penn State now had lost its poise and, early in the fourth quarter, the game. Elliott Walker, Tony's little-known backfield buddy, got loose over center on another quick opener for 12 yards and a touchdown early in the fourth quarter (21-7 now) as State's defensive line was being mauled. Moments later, Fusina, who had a jittery night, was intercepted for the third time. Carson Long, who missed three chances to win last year's game with field goals, kicked a 47-yarder that was true.

In the gloom of the dressing room, Paterno insisted, "Dorsett didn't beat us. The whole team did." Pause. "Ah, heck, I don't know what happened." What happened was Tony Dorsett.

END

Giving State's Joe Dange the old 33 skidoo, Dorsett sweeps left and for Pitt's first touchdown



BOSTON'S FAVORITE PARK IS NOT FENWAY

Hated when he played for the Rangers, Brad Park has won over the old land of Orr and led the upstart Bruins to the NHL's best record

by Jerry Kirshenbaum

Being a level-headed sort, Defenseman Brad Park is careful not to crow unduly over his good fortune with the Boston Bruins. True, Park was suitably elated last week when the Bruins extended their home-ice unbeaten streak at the Boston Garden to 31 games. He also was pleased with his own play, including two goals and an assist in Boston's 4-0 win at Pittsburgh on Wednesday night, followed by a goal and an assist in a 4-2 victory over Vancouver on Thanksgiving in Boston. By these and other means Park helped keep the Bruins, playing their first full season without Bobby Orr and Phil Esposito, atop the NHL's Adams Division with an 18-4-1 record, the best in hockey.

Still, Park gloats about all this only up to a point, exercising a restraint that was evident when he and his father-in-law, a gent named Bob George, stopped for lunch the other day at a Boston restaurant called Duke's in the Park. Seated beneath a painting of a reclining nude, Park spoke of many of the changes in his life since he was traded to Boston by the New York Rangers 13 months ago, but he studiously left it to George to fill in some of the happier details of the move. This occurred, for instance, as Park discussed the relative proximity of his handsome home on Boston's North Shore to the Boston Garden.

"When I was with the Rangers, I lived out on Long Island," he said. "It took over an hour to drive to Madison Square Garden for games and there were 65 traffic lights."

"And two tolls," George interjected.

Park nodded and went on "In Boston it takes me just 20 minutes to get to the rink and there's only one light."

"And no tolls," George said.

It could be that the blessings Park enjoys in Boston are simply too plentiful

for any one man to enumerate. This was not the way things were supposed to work out, certainly, when the Rangers dispatched Park, veteran Center Jean Ratelle and minor league Defenseman Joe Zamussi to Boston early last season for Esposito and Defenseman Carol Vadnais. The way everybody had it figured, the



No longer the reckless rusher, Park plays a controlled game but still dominates on defense

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY TROLO

key man in the historic swap was the gregarious Esposito, the NHL's leading goal scorer in recent years and a popular figure with Boston fans. Park had also enjoyed considerable success, having been named first-team NHL all-star defenseman in three of his seven seasons with the Rangers. As time wore on, however,



the New York press and public had soured on him, concluding he was overweight, overpaid and—though only 27—maybe even over the hill. The word in New York, as elsewhere, was that the Rangers had pulled a slick one on the Bruins.

The verdict today is exactly the opposite. The change is obvious in Boston's Three B's restaurant, where news of the big trade last year set diners to grieving over their veal parmigiana and prompted owner Joe Palladino to cover up the bocce court he had installed in a back room expressly for Esposito. Now Palladino cheerfully admits, "Esposito is a good guy, but Parko is, too." Parko? Palladino shrugs. "He's played so well for the Bruins, I gave him an Italian name."

A similar transformation has occurred in Madison Square Garden, where fans lustily booed Park in his last days as a Ranger. The other morning Val Tkaczuk, whose husband Walt plays for the Rangers, phoned the Park residence in suburban Lynfield. "There was a sign in the Garden yesterday," she related. "It said, 'Brad Park we miss you, please come home.'"

Park was properly moved. "It sure was nice of Val to put up that sign," he said.

Actually, almost any Ranger fan would now identify with the sentiment. Mired in the cellar of the Patrick Division when Park and Ratelle departed, the Rangers never escaped from those depths last season, and the man responsible for the New York side of the trade, General Manager Emile Francis, was eventually fired. The situation in New York is scarcely any better today. Esposito, two months shy of 35 and surrounded by a less talented cast than the one that supported him in Boston, has shown only flashes of his former self, and Vachon has been a disappointment, too. The Rangers are once again in last place.

The Bruins were also struggling when the trade was made, but thereafter climbed to the top of the Adams Division, where they remained the rest of the season, a singular feat considering that Bobby Orr played only 10 games before departing for a season-ending knee operation. Park also underwent knee surgery—it apparently goes with being a Bruin defenseman—and missed the last 21 regular-season games. Even so, the



Parko replaced Esposito in the hearts of Bruin fans.

supposedly washed-up Park was so in command while he was playing that he once again earned a spot on the NHL's first all-star team. And what did Ratelle do? He scored 31 goals.

This season Orr bolted to the Chicago Black Hawks and the Bruins hiked their ticket prices, coincidental developments that resulted in an informal fan boycott of the Boston Garden. Nor did it help at the gate that Don Cherry, the NHL's Coach of the Year last season, was pushing ahead with his efforts to transform the Bruins, so shamefully talented in the Orr-Esposito era, into a disciplined, hard-checking bunch relying on balance instead of brilliance. It sounds rather dull, except that the Bruins, remarkably enough, have rebuilt without suffering the usual period of defeat.

To pull this off, quite a few pieces had to fall into place at once. Out of Esposito's shadow darted Gregg Sheppard, a 5'8" center whose Bobby Clarke-style scrappiness characterizes the new Bruin look. Back from the WHA came erstwhile Boston Goaltender Gerry Cheevers, a thoroughbred owner of growing repute—his colt Royal Ski looms large in any early reckoning of the 1977 Kentucky Derby (page 34)—who teams with Gilles Gilbert to form the game's best goaltending combination. And out of the clutches of the properly embarrassed Rangers came Ratelle, who scores goals, forechecks

continued



agently and gets off passes as straight and true as the part in his well-barbered hair. At 36, the lean Ratelle plays as though he were years younger, the payoff for all those evenings he quietly retired to his hotel room to watch the 11 o'clock news, weather and sports.

But above all, the Bruins have benefited from the arrival of Park, who has helped the team alter its style largely by amending his own. With the Rangers, Park was a do-it-all defenseman who was frequently called upon to play tough guy and execute end-to-end rushes. When Park joined the Bruins, Cherry urged him to concentrate more on straight defense. Cherry is positively ecstatic when he says today, "Brad's not as flashy as he used to be, but he's a better player. If you forget about Orr, there's no defenseman I'd rather have." And with Orr's knee still acting up—he has played just two games for the Black Hawks in a month—it is looking more and more as though you can indeed forget about him.

For his part, Park professes to be unconcerned that even after last week's offensive surge against Pittsburgh and Vancouver he has scored just five goals this season, a modest total for somebody who had 25 goals one year for the Rangers.

Agreeing with Cherry that his new role has made him more proficient, he says, "Sure, I like to score goals. But, heck, I got one in practice yesterday."

On the ice Park is an intense, even fiery performer, but away from the rink he comes across as temperate and soft-spoken, a smile usually creasing roundish features that have prompted writers in 18 NHL cities to describe him as "moon-faced."

Of course, one reason for his smile is his emancipation from New York, where he came to be haunted, ironically, by the specter of the Boston Bruins. Park joined the Rangers in 1968 at the age of 20, and his poise and aggressiveness made him an immediate favorite in New York. In 1970 he married his first cousin, Gerry George (thus, father-in-law Bob George is also his uncle). In 1972 the WHA beckoned and when the Ranger brass broke out the checkbook to keep the club intact, Park profited with a \$200,000-a-year contract that made him, briefly, the highest-paid player in the NHL. Eventually he was named team captain. Everything should have been beautiful for Brad Park.

One problem, though, was that New York writers kept comparing Park to Orr,

then as now the man against whom all defensemen—indeed, all hockey players—are measured. The Ranger-Bruin rivalry was already a hot one and such comparisons heated it up all the more. The whole business was unfortunate. The Ranger star was a fine all-around defenseman, but there was only one Orr, something that Park has always been the first to admit.

"Bobby's the greatest hockey player I've ever seen," Park says, "I never said I was as good as he was, others did. But people kept saying, 'Hey, Park, who you kidding? You're no Bobby Orr.' And I've got to admit that I have a lot of confidence and enjoy a challenge. I was influenced by Bobby. Sometimes I'd find myself trying to rush end-to-end like he did, and I'd have to remind myself to stop it."

The situation brought Park particular grief from the Bruins, who saved their most bruising hockey for him. Park's frustration peaked in comments written in his book *Play the Man*, which became a bestseller around Boston in the spring of 1972, almost on the eve of the Stanley Cup finals between the Bruins and Rangers. In the book Park accused the Bruins of everything from padding statistics to taking sneak punches and called them "a bunch of bloodthirsty animals." That only further inspired Orr & Co., who beat the Rangers for the cup four games to two. "We got a lot of mileage out of that book," recalls Tom Johnson, then the Bruin coach and now the club's assistant general manager, "At least Derek Sanderson had the good sense to write about broods."

It was the continued failure of the Rangers to win the Stanley Cup—that their last one came in 1940—that led to the celebrated characterization of them as "fat cats," which was meant to imply, in Park's case, that he was not only pampered but also, literally, fat. Such sniping increased after the Rangers were eliminated from the playoffs two years ago by the upstart New York Islanders and their young Defenseman Denis Potvin, whose rise to prominence prompted the question of whether Park was the No. 1 defenseman even in New York. Then came last season's poor start and the sudden unloading of Park and Ratelle to the Bruins.

continued



The Parks—Brad, Asobie, Gerry, Janie—live 20 minutes, one light and no tolls from Boston Garden

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100 even: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Park admits his pride was hurt by the trade. "Boston was the last place I expected to go," he says. He wins sympathy from Rattelle, who says, "The trade was tougher on Brad than on me. I was at the age where I was mentally preparing to leave New York anyway. But Brad is still in his prime. It was a real shock for him."

Boston General Manager Harry Sinden, who made the deal for the Bruins, did so for reasons every bit as compelling as the Rangers'. Though no one said so directly, it was whispered in the Bruin organization that Esposito did not back-check, spent too much time on the ice, disagreed with Cherry's coaching philosophy and, in any case, was getting on in years. Boston still had Orr, but Sinden feared—correctly, it turned out—that Orr's left knee might go and that he might sign with another club. He decided to seek Park as "insurance" after scouting him in two games. "Brad was the best player on the ice in both games," says Sinden. "Of course, when everybody said we made a bad trade, I had a few nervous second thoughts."

It is suggested today that Park has made Sinden look good simply by shedding weight, and while Park dismisses such talk, insiders claim that Park's belts have been pulled in a few telltale notches. Nevertheless, Park has been unburdened in the matter of his rivalry with Orr, even if he had to become his teammate and, finally, successor to do it. It helped that Orr made Park feel welcome during their brief time together on the Bruins, even showing him a place in Boston Garden where he could hide from a hostile press, should the occasion arise.

That it has not arisen is a tribute to how well Park has adapted to the role in which he has been cast by Cherry, a breezy fellow of Scotch-Irish extraction who used to play tenor drum in a bagpipe band. Specifically, the Bruin coach asked Park to work the puck out to the forwards, carrying it himself only when there was a good opening. "I don't want Brad to force it and get caught up-ice," Cherry says. "This way he'll also be relatively fresh the last few minutes when we really need him." It is Cherry's suspicion that Park sometimes huffed and puffed as a Ranger because he was overtaxed. Park pretty much agrees, saying,

"A lot of times in New York I was really dragging in the last few minutes of a game."

Park finds life in once-dread Boston so agreeable that he calls to mind Brer Rabbit suddenly cavorting in the briar patch. Certainly it was a contented Park who sat one recent afternoon in the den of his five-bedroom colonial house, which occupies a nicely wooded lot hard by a public golf course and a picture-book skating pond. The Bruins were playing the Washington Capitals that night, and Gerry Park was in the kitchen preparing an early supper of spaghetti for her husband. Four-year-old Jamie Park was watching TV with a cham while brother Robbie, who will turn three next month, was in his crib. As Brad spoke, he patted Quincey, one of the family's two Irish setters.

"Before the trade all I'd really ever seen of Boston was the airport and the rink," he said. "I just didn't realize there were so many pretty areas here. Now we're thinking about living in Boston even after I'm through playing."

The conversation soon turned to Robbie Park. The boy has cerebral palsy, and his motor control is such that he only recently learned to unclench his fists. Last September Park sponsored a charity golf tournament near Boston, the proceeds of which—over \$9,000—went to cerebral palsy research. In his den Park said, "Like a lot of handicapped children, Robbie seems to compensate by being good-natured. I suppose it would be easy to feel sorry for ourselves, but he's a super kid and we enjoy him. It's exciting to see him learn to do new things. He'll have to go through braces and crutches, and he'll never be an athlete. But we think that with therapy he'll be able to walk and lead a normal life."

Just then Gerry entered the room carrying Robbie, a chatterbox youngster who beamed at the sight of his dad. Brad played with the boy, coaxing him to sit up unassisted, which he was able to do for a few seconds at a time. Then it was time for that spaghetti. Afterward Gerry, who is expecting the couple's third child next month, said, "Brad really is as easygoing as he seems. He's awfully good with the boys, especially with Robbie."

That evening Park led Boston to a 3-2 win over Washington. It was another of

what Park calls "grand-em-out games," with the Bruins seeming to play just well enough to win. Park did some nice poke checking in his own end and controlled the tempo of the Boston attack. He was on the bench during both Capital goals and on the ice for all of the Boston scores, including one of his own that put the Bruins ahead 2-1.

The goal came after the puck was sent into the boards behind the Washington net by another new Bruin, Center Peter McNab, a husky, hustling former Buffalo Sabre who was acquired in a pre-season trade and has made the front office look like geniuses again by scoring 19 goals in the team's 23 games. The puck took a crazy bounce in front of the goal and Park, risking one of his infrequent intrusions far up-ice, was right there to backhand it in. But he paced himself the way Cherry likes, and he played six of the game's final eight minutes as the Bruins snuffed off the Capitals' efforts to tie the game.

Later, in the dressing room, a radio interviewer stuck a microphone in Park's face and said, "Brad, the Bruins aren't playing exciting hockey but you're winning and..."

"It may not be exciting to you," Park said, smiling. "It's plenty exciting to me."

A different sort of excitement awaited Brad later that night. He and Gerry went to get a bite to eat at Bette's Rolls Royce, then began the drive home around 1 a.m. They were a mile from their house when their 1976 Bonneville ran out of gas. Brad ventured out on the highway and flagged down two teen-agers who gave the Parks a lift the rest of the way home. During the 10 minutes he waited there, a chilled and annoyed figure hitchhiking on a darkened road, Park seemed anything but easygoing.

The next day, however, Park was his relaxed self again, chuckling as he told of the incident. Perhaps he realized that he still got home in 35 minutes, half the time it used to take him after Ranger games in New York with a full tank of gas. He may even have remembered those tolls he saved. He probably was also comforted by the knowledge that he made a couple of new friends for the Bruins. To repay their kindness, he gave the teen-agers who picked him up free tickets to the next home game.

END

THAT BIG LATIN BEAT

For most Latin American fighters, who now hold 16 of the 25 world championships, boxing was the only way to leave the mean streets behind, to get under the wheel of a shiny red Mustang Cobra II. As one Mexican contender says, "Fighting is hard, but there are harder things." Shown on the following pages are some who made it the hard way

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART

CARLOS MONZON, Argentina, Middleweight

ROBERTO DURAN, Panama, Lightweight





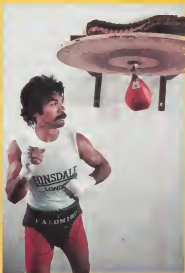
WILFREDO GENITEZ, Puerto Rico, Junior Welterweight



ALFREDO ESCALERA, Puerto Rico, Junior Lightweight



WILFREDO GOMEZ, Puerto Rico, Bantamweight



CARLOS PALOMINO, Los Angeles, Welterweight



JOSE CUEVAS, Mexico, Welterweight



MIGUEL CANTO, Mexico, Flyweight

ESTEBAN DE JESUS, Puerto Rico, Lightweight



ALEXIS ARGUELLO, Nicaragua, Featherweight



VICTOR GALINDEZ, Argentina, Light Heavyweight





CARLOS ZARATE, Mexico, Bantamweight

ALFONSO ZAMORA, Mexico, Bantamweight

THE Z BOMBS

BY PAT PUTNAM

Across from the Atlas Gimnasio, the barefoot children were laughing and racing through the litter of Zarco Street. All of the children but one, a 6-year-old wisp they called Pepe, who huddled beneath a cardboard lean-to, waiting with dark and empty eyes for someone to buy one of the few browning oranges he had neatly laid in a line near his naked feet. Smog hung like a smothering gray-black blanket over Mexico City, which sweltered beneath a sun seldom seen. It had rained hard the afternoon before, but rain cannot wash away the stains of poverty.

On the other side of the narrow one-way street, Costenito Gonzalez leaned down and flicked a cloth across his new light-brown shoes, whisking away imagined grime. For most of his 19 years the junior lightweight boxer had helped his father scratch out an existence on a farm in Tapachula. Now Gonzalez had the air of a man who had fought as a professional 19 times, won all his fights and was the proud owner of a red 1974 Ford.

A stocky man carrying a stylish light-blue equipment bag came with purpose along the street. Seeing Gonzalez, the man paused and nodded. "It is noon, Costenito." The man turned and disappeared into a nearby doorway next to a furniture store where you can buy on terms, no interest—*su crédito es bueno*.

A slender left-hander, Gonzalez wore a sparkling gold watch on his right wrist. He glanced at it, insuring himself that it was time to train. His thin smile did not reach his eyes.

He spoke with a tired sadness. "It is not easy to make a living in Mexico. Hunger is not a stranger. When I told my father I wanted to be a fighter, he said no, then he said that if I won my first fight he would give me his blessing. I fought a veteran who had had many fights. I broke his jaw and put him in the hospital for

43 days. It was two days before Christmas in 1973. I was 16 years old. Fighting is hard. But there are harder things."

Gonzalez glanced across the street. If he took notice of Pepe he didn't let on. But a shadow flickered over his gaunt face. He hurried toward the narrow doorway that led to the gym three floors above the street.

There are nine more gyms such as the Atlas running full bore in Mexico City, at least three times that number elsewhere in Mexico. Give or take a dozen left-hookers, there are 7,000 professional fighters in the country and, as of the moment, five of them are world champions.

Two of the champions are bantamweights. One is Carlos Zarate, a street brawler from the time he could walk, 25 and single and no stranger to the jails of Mexico City, a child of the slums praying that a future operation to be paid for by his fists will give back sight to his blind and beloved mother. He's the World Boxing Council champion. The other is Alfonso Zamora, also a product of the violent streets, but introduced to the ring early by an ex-fighter father; handsome, 22, married with two children and spurred by suspicion and bitterness. He's the World Boxing Association champion.

Zarate and Zamora—the Z Bombs—are good friends, ex-stablemates and between them they have knocked out 69 of the 70 men they have fought professionally. One day not too far off they will fight each other.

Together with flyweight champions Miguel Canto (WBC) and Guty Espadas (WBA) and welterweight champion Pepino Cuevas (WBA), they make up the Mexican contingent of the 23 world champions, 15 of whom come from Latin America.

On Oct. 1 there were 17, but Royal Ko-

bayashi of Japan took the super bantamweight title from Reginberto Rusco of Panama, and Yoko Gushiken of Japan took the junior flyweight title from Juan Guzman of the Dominican Republic. Puerto Rico follows Mexico with four world champions—and lost another in July when Angel Espada was parted from the WBA welterweight championship by Cuevas. Argentina has three world champions—and four titles because Carlos Monzon rules as middleweight king of both the WBA and the WBC. There is one champion from Panama, Nicaragua and Venezuela. And there is Carlos Palomino, Mexican born but California raised and educated.

Score then: Latins 15 champions, 16 championships; the rest of the world 9.

Rather than being the result of having superior athletes, this Latin phenomenon is more a consequence of widespread poverty, which, historically, has spawned fighters of all ethnic and racial groups. As Willie Pastrano, a light-heavyweight champion of the 1960s, has said, "If I had had a chance to do anything else when I was growing up, God Himself couldn't have dragged me into a fistfight."

Chris Dandee, the Miami Beach promoter, says, "Forgetting what television did for the moment, the fight game in the United States started going down when the Army, in World War II, began drafting all the young men. The Army taught them a trade or it paid for their educations later, and any man with a good trade isn't about to get knocked on his butt to make a dollar. Things have become better in Europe, too. It just opened the door for all these hungry Latins."

With Ah gone—if he has—the US was left, if only for a few weeks, without a native-born world champion for the first time since John L. Sullivan knocked out Paddy Ryan of Ireland in front of the Barnes Hotel in Mississippi City, Miss. on Feb. 7, 1882. That short drought ended on Nov. 6 when Danny Lopez took the WBC featherweight title away from David Kosey of Ghana.

Last year the per capita income of the US was \$5,902. The PCI of Mexico was \$780, and as the peso plunges so does the buying power of the people. The le-

continued

gal minimum daily pay of a Mexican is 90 pesos, which a few months ago converted to \$7.20. Now that the peso has fallen, the conversion figure is closer to \$4.50.

As Costantino Gonzalez poignantly pointed out, an empty belly is no rarity below the Rio Grande. But as bleak as life can be in Mexico, it is even more so in other Latin American countries. Only Puerto Rico (\$1,900) and oil-rich Venezuela (\$1,000) have a per capita income of more than \$900. The PCs in the other nations range from \$815 in Uruguay to \$90 in Haiti.

Once upon a time when boxing was a simpler business—who can name even half of today's champions?—there were only eight divisions, and each had one champion. Then came the junior divisions: the power-grab split between the WBA and the WBC, each with its own titleholders; and now, in the last 18 months, two new divisions the mini-moscas (junior flyweights) and the super bantams. That brought the total number of divisions to 13, with the possibility of 25 (the WBA has yet to recognize the super bantams) champions. And now a group called junior heavyweights is being contemplated. If this trend continues, soon there will be nothing but champions.

On the ground floor inside the street entrance to the Atlas Gym is a small single-chair barbershop. Many of Mexico City's gyms are over similar shops. Never is there any hair on the floor. Either the barbers are extraordinarily neat, or, as is suspected, no one ever goes there for a haircut. On the landing between the first and second floors is a caged security checkpoint, where the fighters can deposit their valuables and obtain locker keys, and where the gym's visitors are relieved of a small admission price, usually 15 pesos (or 75¢).

The checkpoint's guardians are Horacio Casasola, a bulky former wrestler whose brother Raul owns the gym, and Giner, a thin but mean-looking Doberman pinscher pup. Actually the puppy is a pacifist and is friendly with all comers. Horacio never entertains a mean thought, either. "For some reason," Raul said the other day, "no one ever tries to make trouble."

Raul also owns another gym, a place called Tabasco, in a distant section of the city. Since he has been in operation, he says, more than a thousand kids have

come in from the streets and said they wanted to be fighters.

Raul Casasola patted his round stomach. "They all have the same look," he said, "flat bellies and hungry eyes. Some are just babies, but not like any babies you have ever seen. I send them all on upstairs. If they have any money we ask a small fee. Horacio keeps all the fees in his right hand. Show him, Horacio."

Horacio laughed and opened a huge fist. It was empty.

All of the second floor is used by weight lifters. To the fighters it is just a place to pass through. Muscles are for wrestlers. The gym on the third and top floor is not large but surprisingly clean. No one spits on the floor. There is barely room for two rings, one for wrestlers, and a small area, no more than 20 feet by 20 feet, in which there are three heavy bags, several speed bags and a rubbing table. The only other furnishing is a three-seater shoeshine platform, which Horacio hauled up the narrow stairs on his back one day to win a wager.

The walls are unmarked and painted a lively green, and they clash violently with a maze of steel roof supports, most of them a vivid lavender. But the endlessly changing stream of tough young men who keep the place busy during daylight hours do not come to contemplate the decor. The routine in the room seldom varies: first a quick loosening of lean muscles, then four or five rounds of sparring, all of them four-minute wars; two rounds on the heavy bag followed by two on the training bag; eight minutes on the speed bag; some rope skipping and adios. Mexican fighters work endlessly to perfect just four punches: jab (to which they devote the least time), left hook, right hook and a murderous hooking uppercut, mostly with the left hand.

"The hook is a Mexican tradition," says Bazooka Limon, a Zarate stablemate who is ranked fifth among the world's junior lightweights. "Why play with the rapier when you can cut a man in half with the machete?" His grin is evil.

The Atlas is Zarate's gym. Every day at 1 p.m. there is always a parking place on the street below for the champion's red Mustang Cobra II. (As a Mexican fighter progresses he first buys a Volkswagen, then a Ford, next a Mustang and, should he make it to the very top, a Thunderbird. Always the cars are red.) Seemingly no one ever arranges a parking spot for Zarate, and it is never in

the same place, but one is always there.

When the champion arrives at the gym, all motion is suspended. It is a silent tribute, passing as swiftly as a salute. Mexicans have always exalted their champions.

Despite his name, the first Mexican world champion was not Pancho Villa, who won the flyweight championship by knocking out Jimmy Wilde at the Polo Grounds in 1923. That Pancho Villa was born Francisco Guilledo in the Philippines.

The first Mexican champion was a junior welterweight named Bartling Shaw (he was born Jose Flores in Nuevo Laredo), who won the title in 1933. Since Shaw, 27 Mexicans have been world champions. If you count Chalky Wright, it would be 28. A featherweight champion in 1941, Wright, a black, delighted in telling people he was a Mexican born in Durango. "Not so," says Harry Kabbakoff, the veteran Los Angeles manager who handled Wright. "He told me he was born in Colton, Calif., where he was raised in a Mexican-American community; he spoke excellent Spanish."

There also have been six Mexican-American champions: Richie Lemos, Manuel Ortiz, Mando Ramos, Raul Rojas, Bobby Chacon and now Carlos Palomino, born in Luis B. Sanchez, a small town 60 miles from Mexicali. He was 10 and unable to speak English when his family moved to California. At the moment he is both the WBC welterweight champion and a senior at Long Beach State. Says Palomino, "School is my hedge against the worst mistake a fighter can make. It's called a comeback."

Carlos Zarate is tall (5'9") for a bantamweight (118 pounds), and so is thin, as a barracuda is considered thin. He would carry the look of a hawk except that his prominent nose has been hit more than once. Legend has it that Zarate took his first step while trying to attack a boy who was two years his senior.

"And he took his second step trying to get away from the police," says the champion's older brother Jorge, an ex-cop who grew tired of seeing his fellow officers haul Carlos off to jail, turned in his badge and began training his violent brother for the ring. "I knew nothing could make him stop fighting, so I decided he should do it somewhere where he wouldn't be arrested."

Zarate was born on May 23, 1951 in the Tepito barrio of Mexico City. *continued*

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youngest of five brothers and three sisters. Tepito is 10 square blocks of ugliness, a low-rise Bedford-Stuyvesant where the only escape is the juice of the cactus or the grass that doesn't grow on lawns, and the meeting place is a booming open-air market on Costa Rica Street where anything can be bought and most of it has been stolen.

Before Zarate was out of the cradle his father died. When he was two, he and his mother Luz moved to a public school in nearby Ramos Millan, in which they lived. Mrs. Zarate became a combination custodian and the server of the government-sponsored breakfasts, and on the side she operated a small concession stand. As he grew older, it became young Carlos' contribution to maintain order during the bedlam of the free breakfast as well as to see that everything taken from the concession stand was paid for.

"I loved it," he says happily. "There were always three or four guys trying to hustle an extra breakfast or trying to steal a candy bar. I never needed an excuse to fight."

In his first fight in the ring he knocked out a veteran Golden Glover in the second round. The veteran claimed he was not in shape. Train, Zarate told him, and come back. The veteran did both and was knocked out in less than a minute. That was when Jorge dragged Carlos to a gym and ordered him to fight.

"He gave me 10 pesos a day to eat with," Zarate says. "It was enough I came from a very humble family, but I had eggs and corn to eat at home. I used Jorge's money to buy meat and salads."

As an amateur Zarate was undefeated, winning 30 fights by knockouts, three on decisions. In 1970 he was the national Golden Gloves flyweight champion. Soon after, he became a professional under the experienced handling of Cuyo Hernandez, one of Mexico's more famous managers. Jorge became his full-time trainer. His first fight was in Guadalupe, a scheduled 10-rounder which Zarate won by a knockout in two rounds and for which he was paid 800 pesos. That fight set a pattern. Zarate won his next 21 fights, all by knockouts.

"I made a lot of money," Zarate says. "I also had a lot of wild friends. I would go to Tepito, drink a little pulque and get into trouble with the police. I was the only one with money so I had to pay for everybody. It was no good. Then one

time Jorge came to take me from the jail, and it hit me that what I was doing was wrong. If you don't change the first two times in jail, it is because you are born to be a killer. Most people change. I did because I knew I had been born to be a champion. I left my wild friends."

On May 8 of this year, Zarate said that destiny fulfilled. He had won 39 of his first 40 professional fights by knockouts, the other by half-killing a courageous Victor Ramirez across 10 rounds. Now he needed just nine rounds to take the WBC bantam title away from 30-year-old Rodolfo Martinez, another Mexican who at the end was lying unconscious beyond the ropes on the apron.

"And all that I could think of at that beautiful moment was that now I would be able to earn enough money to pay for an operation for my mother who has gone blind," Zarate says, sadness filling his dark eyes. "I would give all the money I have now and all that I will ever earn to make that possible."

No matter how much wealth a Mexican boxer amasses, he seldom settles down far from the slums of his childhood. Zarate, for example, can afford far better, but he still lives with his mother, two brothers and a sister on the edge of Tepito.

"It is a social trouble," says Jorge Zarate. "It would be nice to live in a better place, but we have a lack of preparation to do it."

The record for the longest unbeaten streak in professional boxing is 180 bouts—175 victories, five draws from 1938 to 1948. It is held by Hal Bigsby, an English lightweight. When Argentina's Carlos Monzon won both middleweight championships on June 26 by decimating Colombia's Rodrigo Valdes, who had owned the WBC's piece of the title, it was his 81st straight fight without a loss, placing him among the top seven on the all-time list behind Bigsby and Pacey McFarland, who had a streak of 97 in the early 1900s.

How far Monzon intends to extend that streak no one but the 34-year-old playboy from Santa Fe, Argentina knows. Never one to overtrain—and seldom far from the side of beautiful actress-model Susana Gimenez—the former shoe shine boy has held his WBA championship for six years, and has been talking of retirement. He may have to—at least for a while. Monzon recently was given an 18-

month jail sentence for belting out a photographer during a Christmas party in 1967. Monzon is appealing; until the appeal is heard, he is free to fight.

Argentina's other champions, WBA light heavyweight Victor Emilio Galindez, 28, and Miguel Angel Castellini, 29, the ex-dock jockey who recently beat Jose Duran of Spain to win the junior middleweight title, are neither facing a jail sentence nor in any hurry to quit. Paradoxically, while the country has three world champions, which should be enough to have boxing declared the national pastime, Luna Park Stadium, an indoor arena in Buenos Aires, is having a tough time trying to put on boxing shows. It seems that there is a lack of outstanding fight talent around. Once past the crowds, there isn't much left but clowns. And because the average Argentine fight fan cannot afford even rock-bottom prices to see a title bout, the two of champions usually fight outside the country.

At the other extreme are the Puerto Rican fans who thought nothing of paying top dollar to see nine title fights at home this year. They may have the opportunity of attending a tenth this month; then or early in January Wilfredo Benitez will defend his WBA junior welterweight championship against the man he won it from, Antonio (Kid Pambelé) Cervantes of Colombia.

Benitez is only 18, the other three champions on the island of 2.8 million people are not much older. Esteban de Jesus, the WBC lightweight champion, is 25; Alfredo Escalera, the articulate WBC junior lightweight champion, is 24; and Sam Serrano, who won the WBA junior lightweight title on Oct. 16, is 23. Of course, no one has yet retired the 27-year-old Angel Espada, whose loss last July to Mexico's Cuevas was considered a stunning upset. Then there is undefeated Wilfredo Gomez, only 19, who has won all 14 of his fights by knockouts. His most notable victim was Mexico's Jose Murillo, then the No. 2-ranked super bantamweight, whom he defeated on Oct. 8.

On June 18, 1929 Alphonso Theo Brown, an elongated (5' 11") bantam, fighting as Panama Al Brown, dethroned Vidal Gregorio of Spain to become the first Latin ever to win a world title. Since then there have been 71 Latin American champions, all but eight of them after the end of World War II, and none more worthy

continued



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than another Panamanian, Roberto Duran, the former shoeshine boy nicknamed Fists of Stone.

Since winning the WBA lightweight title in 1972, Duran has defended it nine times, and nine times he has destroyed the best of the division. "I want to be the greatest," he once said. "I intend to do everything I can to hold onto my title. Nobody is going to take it from me. I don't care if a man is a great boxer or a great slugger, or what he says. When he quits talking I get him in the ring and I finish him off."

Duran's only loss in 54 fights was to Eteban de Jesus of Puerto Rico in 1972 in New York. Duran knocked out de Jesus in the 11th round of a return match in 1974. Since then de Jesus has become the WBC champion and Duran wants him again to settle this business of two champions. "I grew up learning there was only one champion," Duran says. "But today, the WBC and the WBA have created a mess. I have knocked out de Jesus. How can anybody recognize him as the champion? It is stupid."

For nearly 16 years Southern California has been a treasure house for Latin world champions. The last title bout held there not involving a Latin was the Sugar Ray Robinson-Gene Fullmer middleweight fight on Dec. 6, 1960 in the Los Angeles Sports Arena. Since then there have been 46 title fights in the Southland, all involving at least one Latin, and none above the middleweight division.

"Mexican fighters make for great fights," says Los Angeles matchmaker Don Chargin. "They are the slugging, brawling type and they are very courageous. You don't find many of them quitting in the ring. One reason for their style and courage is their fans. They won't stand for any fancy Dan types. And if it wasn't for the young talent in the Mexican border towns, we'd be lost."

And what Latins make, they take. According to an IRS regulation, one-third of the purse of any foreign fighter must be withheld. At year's end, the fighter is supposed to file a return, the same as any resident. "But most fighters can't or won't," says Promoter Don Fraser of the Los Angeles Forum. "What happens is that we pay a fighter his entire purse, get a power of attorney from him and file for him. We pay the taxes, and if there is any return we get it."

Alfonso Zamora, like Zarate, once trained in the Solar Gimnasio. But a year

ago, after suspecting that he had been short-changed on a purse, he and his father, Alfonso Sr., paid his manager at the time, Cuyo Hernandez, 500,000 pesos (then \$40,000) for his contract and switched gyms. As of last week, Zamora, who looks to papa for counsel, is working with his fourth manager.

If Zarate is tall for a bantam, Zamora is relatively short (5' 3½") and tends to pudginess. He has the unmarked looks of a movie star, has a beautiful wife Angelica and is the adoring father of two children—18-month-old Vanessa and Alfonso III, a month-old son. They live in a luxurious apartment in a complex of 107 high-rise buildings that house 72,000 members of 12,000 families. It is the largest housing development in Mexico City, and it is just a few blocks from Santa Maria La Redonda, a neighborhood in which Zamora lived as a child.

As a youth, Zamora's life-style was several levels above that of Zarate. While Santa Maria La Redonda is not Mexico City's equivalent of Park Avenue, it is not Tepito. Zamora's father owned a small fleet of taxis—which he sold when his son began to fight—and they lived in the same apartment building as Ernesto Gallardo, a fight manager of modest success. It was Gallardo who first took notice of Zamora's preoccupation with street brawling.

"Don't let Alfonso fight in the street," Gallardo urged the father. "Take him to a gimnasio, train him, let him win something." The father did, and Zamora was so impressive his father let him drop out of school at the age of 15. He won a silver medal in the 1972 Olympics at Munich, losing on a decision to Cuba's great Orlando Martinez. It was his only defeat in 55 amateur fights.

He bitterly remembers that loss. "The day before the final my father and I discovered I couldn't make the 118-pound limit. In desperation I ate a package of laxative tablets. I made the weight, but I was so weak I could hardly move. Even then, the fight was close." Still, a silver medal is a silver medal, and when Zamora returned home he was awarded an audience with President Luis Echeverria and given a second-hand car.

"What I needed most was some money," Zamora says. "Because I had won a medal in Munich, the Olympic Committee said it would help me a little. But it gave me nothing. No one keeps promises. I was not a young boy in the streets

I didn't like to ask my parents for any money."

Gallardo was waiting with a professional contract, but the Zamoras told him to take a walk.

"Gallardo was something else," Zamora says, his young face grim. "When I began to fight as an amateur I was less than 18 and he asked my father to sell him a contract. He wanted the rights to my life, to sell myself to him forever. He wanted to adopt me. Either he loved me or he knew I'd make him an awful lot of money." The Zamoras decided it was more the latter.

Instead, Zamora signed with Hernandez, who had guided him during his amateur career. A short bear of a man of 65, all but 15 of them spent in boxing, Hernandez is the busiest and most successful manager in Mexico. His stable of fighters today is so big—it numbers more than 150—that he has to divide them between two gyms where they are monitored to by four full-time trainers. In addition to Zarate, Hernandez now manages Ruben Olivares, the former bantamweight champion, and he helped develop two other former titleholders, Juan Zurita and Manuel Ortiz.

Early on, Zamora's father suggested that Hernandez wasn't working hard enough in his son's behalf. He thought the manager was devoting more time to Zarate and Olivares. Too, there was a matter of money. On March 14, 1974, after winning 11 straight fights by knockouts, none going past the ninth round, Zamora stopped Hong Soo-hwan of South Korea in the fourth round to win the WBA bantamweight title.

"Before I became champion, Cuyo was a good fellow to me," Zamora says. "But when I started to make big money I saw a lot of wrong things. Like signing fight contracts and discovering I wasn't getting as much money as I expected. For my first title defense I signed a fight contract through Cuyo for the Los Angeles Forum. As a champion I should have got TV rights. But in my contract it didn't say anything about TV rights. I didn't get any TV money. Somebody else got it. It was my last fight for Cuyo."

Now managers do not customarily sell the contracts of champions, at least not very young ones with astonishing punching power. And none for only \$40,000.

"I did," Hernandez says mildly. "Anything to get rid of the father. He knew nothing about boxing and always was in-

continued

Once again, TV service technicians give these opinions about Zenith:

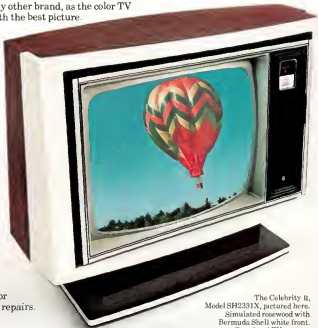
I. Best Picture.

Again this year, in a nationwide survey of the opinions of independent TV service technicians, Zenith was selected, more than any other brand, as the color TV with the best picture.

Question: In general, of all the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one would you say has the best overall picture?

Answers:	
Zenith	34%
Brand A	21%
Brand B	12%
Brand C	8%
Brand D	7%
Brand E	4%
Brand F	2%
Brand G	2%
Brand H	2%
Other Brands	2%
About Equal	10%
Don't Know	4%

Note: Answers total over 100% due to multiple responses.



The Celebrity II, Model SH2331X, pictured here. Simulated rosewood with Bermuda Shell white front. Simulated TV picture.

II. Fewest Repairs.

In the same opinion survey, the service technicians selected Zenith, more than any other brand, as the color TV needing the fewest repairs.

Question: In general, of all the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?

Answers:	
Zenith	38%
Brand A	18%
Brand D	9%
Brand B	6%
Brand C	5%
Brand E	3%
Brand F	2%
Brand G	2%
Brand H	2%
Other Brands	2%
About Equal	11%
Don't Know	10%

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venting things to make me tired. He thought he was going to make a big fortune with his son, but there are a lot of fighters like Zamora. The streets of Mexico are full of tough young kids who can punch. His father thinks he is smart, but he is stupid. One of my best business deals ever was to sell Zamora."

Since their parting, Zamora has defended his championship five times, winning all five fights by knockouts: Thanomjit Sukthoht in four, Socrates Batolo in two, Eusebio Pedrosa in two, Gilberto Bleuca in three and Hong Soohwan in 12. Now he has won 27 bouts, all by knockouts. It is worth noting that as a result he has fought only 80 rounds. Most preliminary fighters have seen more action. Some feel that this lack of experience may be a handicap when he meets Zarate.

"Fighting Carlos is completely necessary," says Zamora, who may accept a \$100,000 offer to meet Zarate in a non-title bout. "Carlos is in his business, and I am in my business. We are still very good friends, but he can make a lot of money and I can make a lot of money. And that is why we do this."

Zarate more than agrees. He very much would like to fight his friend, but not, he says strongly, in a non-title bout. "I like him, but we should settle this business of two championships. It is stupid to talk of a non-title fight. No matter what they called it, one must win and one must lose. We both would walk away as champions but only one would walk away a winner."

Dusk was descending upon Zarco Street. Hours earlier Consento Gonzalez had finished his workout. The undefeated southpaw left the gym with a grin, saying something about an appointment at a showroom to look at a new Mustang. As night began to fall, little Pepe stirred beneath his cardboard lean-to. All of the oranges remained, still neatly in a row at his feet. A tourist crossed the street and looked down at the child.

"Oranges, señor?" Pepe said.

The tourist asked a Mexican friend to tell Pepe in Spanish that he hoped someday the boy would cross the street, climb those three flights of stairs to the gym and buy a red Mustang Cobra II.

Pepe didn't understand. "Oranges, señor?" he said again.

Night came, bringing with it a welcome coolness.

END

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GETTING A BANG FROM WHIZZING BIRDS

When he is not trying to convert tennis players to VASSS, or raising money for the Tennis Hall of Fame, or pumping money into the Newport Casino, or performing his annual "Twas the night before Christmas" recitation, or writing poetry, or composing "play-by-number" ditties for the piano, that grand old eclectic James Henry Van Alen is as likely to be found shooting pheasant as anything else.

His pheasant shooting is not the ordinary walk-'em-up and blast-'em-down variety, but then, little that Van Alen has done in his 74 years has been ordinary. To begin with, the shooting takes place on the grounds of his estate, Avalon, overlooking the Atlantic Ocean at Newport, R.I., a locale never previously noted for its pheasant population. Further, the shooting is at high-flying, fast-moving birds, which is far different from flushing the big, slow pheasants and shooting them on the rise. Most ringnecks take off like old B-29 bombers, which is exactly why Jimmy Van Alen started his own kind of pheasant shooting. That it occurs in Newport is not nearly as extraordinary as its quality. It is some of the most challenging and sporting bird shooting to be found anywhere in the country.

The origins of Van Alen's shoot are European and go back to his own extensive experiences in the field in Britain and on the Continent. Although he was born in Newport into a family that included a number of Vanderbilts and Astors, Van Alen grew up in England, where bird shooting is part of every gentleman's education. There, as in most of Europe, driven or flighted birds, whether wild or raised specifically for the gun, are more challenging—and therefore more popular—than those that are walked up. In this country, where most

A VAPS—Van Alen Pheasant Shoot—brought to you by the very same man who invented VASSS, is not a walk-'em-up, blast-'em-down affair

by VIRGINIA KRAFT



continued



hunting is public, such shoots are seldom feasible except on private preserves. And even on preserves, birds are more commonly planted in cover to be flushed by hunter and dog.

After four years as a lieutenant commander in the U.S. Navy during World War II, Van Alen returned to this country to live. To his disappointment, he found nothing here to equal the shooting he knew in Europe. Typically, this only served to tweak Van Alen's imagination. If the kind of shooting he wanted was not available, the logical solution was to import it. Which, more or less, is what he did.

A perfectionist by nature, Van Alen began by making a detailed analysis of the methods, techniques and physical layouts of the best flighted shoots in England, Scotland, Ireland, France and Spain. This was not exactly a hardship. He had just taken a new bride, whose credentials as a journalist, war correspondent and sportswoman qualified her admirably as a collaborator on the project. The couple spent a year-long honeymoon checking out the shooting spas of Europe.

"Candy is the only woman I have ever heard of," says Van Alen of his wife of 28 years, "who went on a shooting honeymoon and stayed married to the man."

From their research, Van Alen came to some conclusions about what would and would not work in America. Wild

birds were out for a dozen reasons, most prominent being their unavailability. Of pen-raised birds, the best-suited to the kind of shoot he had in mind was the ringneck pheasant. The bird was readily available, easy to raise, adaptable to a wide variety of terrain and, under proper circumstances, offered the kind of sporty shooting Van Alen was looking for.

In the late '40s the concept of preserves, of private land set aside for pay-as-you-shoot hunting, was a relatively new one in this country and was having a hard time catching on. Part of the basic American philosophy is the belief that game belongs to the public, which has the right to shoot it. It is a concept that has died hard. Europeans, on the other hand, recognized long ago that raising, managing and controlling the killing of game was not enough. To survive, game must also have commercial value to the landowner, for he cannot afford to support it on his property unless it brings him a return, either through the meat or the sport it provides. Americans are slowly beginning to get this message, but when Van Alen tried to convey it, the response was about what he received from tennis players when he went around proselytizing VASSS.

After 18 years, the tennis players have finally learned that it takes a good deal of adversity to discourage Jimmy Van Alen. Bird shooters are still learning. Van Alen bought 350 acres in Millbrook, N.Y.

and established an experimental preserve in the Continental tradition. Pheasants were already the bird of choice on the handful of preserves in operation at that time, but they were all being planted in the conventional manner and flushed on foot. Van Alen built a series of 30 blinds in a broad circle around a hill. By releasing the pheasant from the top of the hill, high above the hunters' heads and a minimum of 30 yards from their positions, he ensured that the birds would be in full flight before they came within range of the guns. A pheasant flying 40 yards overhead at top speed is quite a different target from one lifting off the ground 20 yards in front of the shooter. At least that is what shooters at Van Alen's Separate Farm soon found. Their average bag was only 60% of the birds released.

Van Alen's shoot at Newport grew directly out of the one at Separate Farm. It has been refined and polished in the interim, and the shooting is even better. There are fewer guns (eight as compared to 24 to 30), more atmosphere, heavier and more varied cover and more challenging shooting conditions. Instead of 30 positions ringing a hill, there are 16 (only eight of which are ever used at one time) located along a maze of channels cut through the heavily wooded grounds. Van Alen was obviously influenced by his boyhood in the formal gardens and hedgerows of Britain.

"The challenge at Millbrook," he says, "was just to make a better shoot than existed at that time in this country. The challenge here at Newport is to show what can be done with vest-pocket space. At Millbrook I had 350 acres. Here I have 50. Yet with only one-seventh the land area we have been able to produce a shoot that is seven times better. It's all in the planning and design. I'd like to see these vest-pocket shoots all over America, and I'd like to convince people that they do not need vast estates in order to produce superior sport. It just takes a little more planning."

Van Alen personally planned and supervised all the work at Avalon, cutting many of the paths himself. No stand is visible from another or even marginally within range of another's gunshot. This makes for exceptional safety.

continued

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The birds, as at Separate Farm, are released from a point high above the hunters so that they are in full flight at high altitude before they approach a stand. Most emerge suddenly from behind tall trees, moving fast. The shots are mainly snap shots, often overhead, and there is rarely time to contemplate the action. So tricky and so difficult is the shooting that a substantial resident population of pheasant has been established in the Newport area, all the birds tracing their ancestry directly to Avalon. Van Allen supervises every phase of the operation much as a hen pheasant monitors its brood. Long before the first guns have arrived or breakfast has been served, he is out with his gamekeepers, groundsmen and young helpers determining wind direction and velocity, switching shooting stands (his course allows for myriad variations and combinations of stands dependent upon weather conditions) and making certain that no detail has been overlooked. When he has completed his calculations and decided upon the posts to be shot that day, he walks the course from station to station making a last-minute inspection. He is a sight to see in his baggy shooting suit, the hues of which range from light tan through various shades of greens and purples to dark brown and charcoal.

"The colors are for camouflage," he says, winking. "My own design. This is probably the only suit ever created specifically to fool pheasant. If a bird sees me, it thinks I'm another pheasant."

Be that as it may, Van Allen more closely resembles a beardless and outrageously attired Santa Claus as he waddles along the course, a pair of giant hedge clippers in his hands. Here and there he snips at a bush or snags off an errant branch. Close on his heels two little boys carrying a huge reel unwind a length of yellow nylon rope. Later, between flights of birds, the shooters will follow the rope from stand to stand much as Dorothy followed the yellow brick road. Its course is often as unexpected and surprising as that circuitous path through Oz.

"The secret of a really good shoot," says Van Allen, "is the variety of the terrain. You don't want everyone standing around on level ground looking each other in the eye. For the ultimate in sport

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and safety you want as many different kinds of terrain as possible."

To increase the variety of his shoot, Van Alen bought the property adjacent to Avalon several years ago. Its main building, Wrentham House, a 19th century mansion straight from the pages of *Wuthering Heights*, stands high on a bluff overlooking much of the shooting course. Long empty, it was designed by Richard Morris Hunt, the architect responsible for many of Newport's famed mansions, including *The Breakers*. One of Van Alen's fondest dreams is to restore the mansion and make it into a combination Christmas museum, home for the annual "Twas the night before Christmas" presentation and a memorial to the poem's composer, Dr. Clement Moore, who lived and died in Newport. For now, however, the mansion serves as an eerie backdrop for his shoot on days when there is an east wind blowing and the course is set beneath its dark and turreted silhouette.

No less surprising than the mansion is the land the shoot encompasses. The course wanders through thickets, along ledges, around hills, up and down gulches, over brush piles, across rock outcroppings and moss-covered boulders, through semmarsh and thick stands of fir trees, across part of Avalon's front lawn and past a pond on which bob a resident flock of mallards.

"That pond is Jimmy's triumph," says Candy.

"Everyone advised against his dredging a pond there because there was no spring. I told him he was almost God but not quite. He went ahead and had one dug anyway. Shortly after, we had a week of torrential rains and the pond filled up not only with water but with fish. We've had both ever since."

The mallards are off limits for the shoot, and they pay no attention to the occasional pheasant that barrel overhead or to the guns that go off all around them. The shoot begins

with a single blast on Van Alen's whistle, a signal for the shooters to go to their stations with guns unloaded. At each station to be shot that day are neatly painted shell stands, a bench, a place to leash one's dog and a game stand on which dead birds are hung, to be collected at the end of the shoot by the gamekeepers.

When everyone is settled at his stand, which may take 10 minutes or longer because following Van Alen's yellow rope can sometimes be more challenging than the actual shooting, two whistle blasts signal the shooters to load and prepare to fire. At the end of each flight, three blasts mean unload and pick up birds.

A normal shoot consists of eight flights of 30 birds each, all released from a single point determined by the day's course. Because Van Alen puts so much advance thought into selecting the eight stands to be used on any given day, and because each gun eventually shoots from all eight, everyone is guaranteed good sport regardless of wind and weather. All in all, the pheasant shooting at Avalon may well be the best to be found in this country since those long-ago days when the North Dakota fields were seeming with wild birds.

"The pace is what makes the shoots here so interesting," says one regular at Avalon. And, indeed, the birds often come so fast and so frequently that it is

impossible to load quickly enough. Certainly the ammunition manufacturers can have no complaints. It is the rare shooter who opens fewer than four boxes of shells on an average shoot. Of the 240 birds usually released, less than 60% are killed, quite often considerably less. On the annual Super Shoot, the final one of the year, held customarily in March, Van Alen releases anywhere from 350 to 500 birds—all that are still remaining in the pheasant pens at the end of the season. That is a day of sore shoulders.

Such aches and pains are suitably soothed before a roaring fire in Avalon's elegant main house where cocktails, hors d'oeuvres and luncheon are served after each shoot. Van Alen's hospitality is not entirely largesse. His shooting guests (except for those on his once-a-year family shoot who are all Van Alens by birth or marriage) pay \$8 a bird for their 30 birds, or \$240 for a regular shoot and as much as \$500 for the Super Shoot. As hefty as that may seem, Van Alen has no shortage of paying customers. He never advertises, has no brochures, limits his guests to those he knows are good sportsmen and, for reasons of safety, bans all but double-barreled guns.

Van Alen also keeps on hand a modest store of ammunition to sell to his guests when they run short, and "for those who may have forgotten to bring a check" he is happy to supply blank checks. In spite

of this businesslike approach, it is doubtful that he comes close to breaking even at the end of the season. The birds cost about \$6 apiece, to say nothing of the expense of ground maintenance, gamekeepers and a large staff of handlers and helpers. Such an operation, even without figuring the value of Van Alen's own considerable labors, is clearly not for the thin of pocketbook. But of course money is the one commodity that has never gone out of style at Newport. If Jimmy Van Alen has his way, neither will pheasant shooting. **END**



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RUTGERS WOUND UP WITH A PERFECT SEASON AND THE NATION'S LONGEST WINNING STREAK, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO BOWLS, THE KNIGHTS ARE SPINNING THEIR WHEELS

Old Queens was built in 1809, the oldest building on the campus of the nation's eighth-oldest college, Rutgers. In the cupola atop Old Queens hangs a bell that tolls only on rare occasions. Last March, when the Rutgers basketball team completed an undefeated season, the bell rang 26 times, once for each victory. On Thanksgiving night it rang again when the Rutgers football team capped its perfect season, 11-0, with a hard-fought 17-9 win over Colgate, which came into the game with a gaudy record of its own (8-1). In the process the Scarlet Knights extended the nation's longest major-college winning streak to 18.

And so Rutgers winds up undefeated, united and, to its sorrow, uninvited to any of the established bowls. (The team voted to reject overtures from the Independence Bowl in Baton Rouge, La., where its opponent would have been McNeese State.) How good are the Scarlet Knights? The team's detractors point to the undemanding schedule, which included four Division II opponents, but Rutgers beat Louisville 34-0, while Pitt defeated the Cardinals 27-6 and Alabama beat them 24-3. Nonetheless, it seems a shame that the Tangerine Bowl, for instance, did not choose to pair Rutgers with Oklahoma State. That's what bowl games are supposed to be all about, presenting intriguing matchups. Could Rutgers compete with a good Big Eight team? We'll never know.

Lack of recognition is a popular refrain these days on the Rutgers football team. Unfortunately, the problem starts close to home. Football has never generated much excitement on campus. Attendance at games in Rutgers Stadium (capacity 23,000) in this best of all years averaged about 15,000, and fewer than 5,000 of those were students. "Basketball is still No. 1 around here," says John Alexander, Rutgers' All-America defensive tackle. "I see friends on the campus and they ask me, 'Did you win this weekend?'"

That question is becoming rhetorical. The Scarlet Knights' success does not result from fortuitous bounces but from a determined, long-range effort to upgrade the football program. That effort got its impetus from Dr. Edward J. Bloustein, who became Rutgers' 17th president in 1971. Previous administrations had viewed success on playing fields as a corollary of academic decline. In fact, when Rutgers went undefeated in 1961 the ad-

ministration turned its nose up at the suggestion of a bowl bid. Bloustein charted a new course.

Rutgers had always awarded most of its athletic scholarships solely on the basis of financial need, but the new administration gave the green light to full grants-in-aid. Bloustein appointed a new athletic director, Fred Gruninger; a new basketball coach, Tom Young; and a new football coach, Frank Burns. Together, they made a tour of the state to promote the little-known fact that Rutgers is The State University of New Jersey. In their opinion, Rutgers had an identity crisis that crippled recruiting.

Curiously, that crisis derives from the bell in Old Queens. Its donor was a Colonel Henry Rutgers, and because of his gift—and a modest sum of money—the university renamed itself, from Queen's College, in his honor in 1825. For a long time the school didn't hasten to remind anybody that it was also the state university. "A lot of people here didn't seem to enjoy that association," admits a school official.

The result of this attitude was disastrous. While Ohio boys were growing up with dreams of playing for Woody Hayes and the Ohio State Buckeyes, no one ever heard of a New Jersey athlete aspiring to Rutgers. New Jersey had been a fertile recruiting ground—but for out-of-state schools. Not so many years ago Rutgers could have recruited Franco Harris, Ed Marmaro and Lydell Mitchell to run with the ball, Joe Theismann to throw it and Drew Pearson to catch it—without going more than 50 miles from the New Brunswick campus. Clearly the school was not promoting itself effectively in its own backyard.

In the attempt to portray itself as the Ohio State of the

East, Rutgers University has become Rutgers—The State University of New Jersey. The school's logo—the helmeted, plumed head of a knight—has been enhanced by superimposing it on the outline of the state. The schedule has been upgraded. In 1979, for instance, The State University of New Jersey hopes to open with Penn State. This new approach has borne fruit. Twenty of the 22 starters on this year's team are New Jersey products. "It was much easier for us to recruit a New Jersey kid this year than last," says Burns, "and it was easier last year than the year before. The whole state is more receptive to us now. We are building state pride."

The brightest stars in the galaxy of New Jerseyites are the two senior defensive linemen, Nate Toran and Alexander. They led a defense that paralyzed opponents for three consecutive years. In

continued



COOLING COLGATE, MARK LASSITER RANKS HIS TEAM

1974 Rutgers ranked eighth in the nation in defense and recorded two shutouts. Last year the Knights had two more shutouts while ranking fourth. This year they topped the nation in defense, allowed fewer than eight points a game and shut out four opponents.

To spite a high school counselor, Toran majored in biology. "She said I didn't have the background and enough knowledge to take on biology," he says. "She didn't say I ought to major in basket weaving, but she implied it. That hurt my pride." He is pleased to point out that he will graduate with his class this spring, but admits that he can't get too mad at the counselor. "She knew me pretty well then," he says. "In high school I was really only interested in having fun, messing around with the ladies and playing football."

Toran is far more outgoing than his friend and former roommate, Alexander, and consequently has received more attention in the press. Nevertheless, Burns insists, "Nate's definitely a bona fide All-American, not a press-clip wonder. He's the most enthusiastic player I have ever come in contact with." Alexander doesn't begrudge Toran the extra coverage. "I'm getting enough publicity that the pro scouts are looking at me," he says quietly, "and that's what counts." At 6'2" and 250 pounds, Alexander is a quarter of an inch taller, 25 pounds heavier and a step faster than Toran, and the pro scouts are indeed giving him a longer look.

Offensively the Scarlet Knights were less awesome. Last year they lost their starting quarterback, Bert Kosup, for the season with a torn shoulder muscle. Rutgers stumbled through its first four games, including losses to Princeton and Lehigh. Then Burns, who was known as "Flaming Frank" when he quarterbacked the Scarlet Knights in the '40s, turned the job over to sophomore Jeff Rebholz, who led the team to wins in its last seven games. In the process Rutgers set a school record for total yardage.

This season Rebholz and Kosup battled evenly for the quarterback job until the week before the first game. On the eve of Rutgers' opener, Rebholz suffered a fractured cheekbone, not on the playing field but on the boardwalk in Asbury Park, N.J., where he was mugged by three youths. He was sidelined for the Scarlet Knights' first three games. Kosup took full advantage. He denied Reb-

holz a second chance through the simple expedient of establishing his own winning streak, which now, of course, stands at 11.

The Scarlet Knights' biggest concern this year was whether they could replace All-East Fullback Curt Edwards, who averaged 105 yards a game last season. Rutgers was unimpressive offensively in its opening two games. Then Burns inserted a 175-pound sophomore, Glen Kehler, a backup at one of the halfback spots, at fullback. Kehler responded with three straight 100-yard games and Rutgers started clamoring for national attention. It finally came when the Scarlet Knights were ranked in both major polls. Next year they may get a bowl, too.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDWEST When the going gets tough, the tough get well. Let's admit it, desperate. Having exhausted almost all its X's and O's and a lot of its muscle, Oklahoma still trailed 17-13 with 3:30 left in its Big Eight finale at Nebraska. So, with a 30-mph wind at their back and the ball on their own 15-yard line, the Sooners abandoned the running game they take so much pride in and resorted to a couple of sandlot plays. Passes is what they were. Oklahoma had thrown only two of them in its previous two games and had not completed a pass in nearly a month.

The razzle-dazzle began when sophomore reserve Halfback Woodie Shepard took a pitchout and heaved the first pass of his college career far downfield to Split End Steve Rhodes for a 47-yard gain. With a third-and-20 at the Cornhuskers' 34-yard line and 44 seconds remaining, the Sooners again went to the air, substitute Quarterback Dean Blevins winging a 16-yarder to Rhodes. That, though, was not the end of the play. For Rhodes lateraled the ball to Halfback Elvia Peacock, who ran it 22 yards downfield. That put the ball on the Nebraska two-yard stripe. Six seconds later Peacock, who had earlier scored on runs of one and 50 yards, dashed across for the decisive touchdown. After the 20-17 win, Rhodes said of his two catches, "We put those plays in two weeks ago and I didn't think we'd ever use them. When the plays were called it just made my heart jump out of my shirt." By defeating Nebraska for the fifth straight year, the Sooners knocked the Huskers out of an Orange Bowl berth and into the Astro-Bluebonnet Bowl, where they will face Texas Tech. Oklahoma, which

wound up in a three-way tie with Oklahoma State and Colorado for the Big Eight title, will meet Wyoming at the Fiesta Bowl. The Cowboys will go to the Tangerine Bowl, where they will face Brigham Young. Representing the Big Eight Conference in the Orange Bowl against Ohio State will be Colorado, which had won over Oklahoma and Oklahoma State.

"It was an emotional scene," said Cincinnati Coach Tony Mason who, after being hospitalized four days with a stomach infection, showed up for a team meeting before his squad took on Louisville. "When the players saw me, they applauded and grabbed me." Throughout the first half, Mason shakily walked the sidelines. Then, with his Bracats holding a solid 17-6 halftime advantage, he spent the rest of the game in the locker room, resting and listening to the play-by-play on radio. Senior Quarterback Henry Miller ran for one touchdown and teamed up with Split End Harold Lee on a 56-yard pass play that was good for another six points. Cincinnati won 20-6 to finish the season with a 9-2 record.

Another senior who concluded his collegiate career with a flourish was Fullback Art Best of Kent State. Best earned the ball 18 times for 168 yards and had touchdown runs of 14, 32, 45 and 64 yards as the Golden Flashers drubbed Northern Illinois 42-0 in a Mid-American game. During his first three seasons, Best did his running for Notre Dame, using his 9.7 speed and 200 pounds to average 5.9 yards a carry. Best became known as a big-play man for the Irish but also earned a reputation as a blithe spirit and, after having his share of troubles, was asked to leave Notre Dame in the summer of 1975. It was not until this fall that Best suited up again, after sitting out last year at Kent State.

Akron advanced to the Division II championship with a 27-6 victory over Nevada-Las Vegas. St. John's of Minnesota took a Division III playoff by demolishing Buena Vista 61-0.

1. MICHIGAN (10-1)

2. OHIO ST. (8-2-1) 3. OKLA. (8-2-1)

EAST Pittsburgh (page 36) and Rutgers remained unbeaten. Navy and Boston College powered their way to victories in traditional season-ending contests and Northern Michigan prevailed by resorting to an effective aerial attack and a neat bit of deception.

Twenty-one years after Halfback Joe Galusso was named the most valuable player of the 1955 Sugar Bowl, his son Joe earned a similar honor in this year's Army-Navy game. Young Joe, a junior tailback, scored three touchdowns and ran for 128 yards in 29 carries as the Midshipmen won 38-10. Directing the Middles, who picked up 423 yards, was sophomore Quarterback Bob Leszczynski.

continued

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who hit on 10 of 14 passes for 145 yards and two touchdowns. Army's Leamon Hall completed only 13 of 31, and threw three interceptions. By winning, Navy cut Army's edge in the series to 36-35, with six games having ended in ties.

In a showdown between Jesuit schools Boston College walked Hely Cross 59-6. The Eagles picked up 609 yards in the latest meeting in this 80-year-old series, with 220-pound senior Fullback Glen Cipriola leading the ground attack by grinding out 179 yards and scoring two touchdowns. Eagle Quarterback Ken Smith completed 12 of 18 passes for 215 yards and two more touchdowns, one a 49-yard pass to sophomore Flanker Paul McCarty. Said McCarty, "I was so open I got nervous waiting to catch the ball."

Northern Michigan Coach Gil Krueger, whose team met Delaware in a Division II quarterfinal, was also a bit nervous. Krueger was anxious about his pet play, one he explained to the officials the night before the game to ensure they wouldn't call it an illegal maneuver. Putting Krueger further on edge was the fact that his Wildcats trailed 17-7 in the last period. Fullback Randy Avery plunged one yard for a touchdown to make it 17-14. Then, with 4:40 left and the ball on the Delaware 35-yard line, Krueger decided it was time to use the play, a sideline sleeper. Flanker Greg Grigsby, who had come into the game for one down, appeared to leave the field for a substitute. To further disguise the move, Krueger made a substitution at this moment so that it looked as if two players were leaving the field together. Grigsby, who had stopped just inside the sideline marker, sped downfield as the Wildcats snapped the ball on the first count. Quarterback Steve Marucci, who completed 17 of 28 passes for 240 yards, fired the ball to Grigsby, who did not have a defender within 20 yards of him as he cruised to an easy score. Northern Michigan added another touchdown as it went on to win 28-17.

1. PITTSBURGH (11-0)

2. RUTGERS (11-0) 3. PENN STATE (7-4)

SOUTH "He's in another world. I think when he was a kid he stuck his finger in an electrical socket." That was Dewey Mitchell's assessment of his fellow Alabama linebacker, sophomore Barry Krauss, after the Tide drubbed Auburn 38-7 in a Southeastern Conference game. Krauss, who is called Space Cadet by his teammates, said, "I guess I've been kind of a wild man. I mean, I love to hit. Love it. What a super time!" What made it so super for Krauss was that he came through with 18 tackles. Also enjoying the romp were sophomore Running Back Tony Nathan, who ran for 142 yards, and junior Cornerback Mike Tucker, who in-

tercepted two passes. Nathan was at his best during a four-play, 80-yard scoring march, breaking loose for a 20-yard run, catching a 42-yard pass and then wrapping things up by bolting over from 14 yards out for the touchdown.

Some 70,000 fans attended the Georgia Tech-Georgia game in Athens, 60,000 of them jamming Sanford Stadium and another 10,000 watching as standees on the railroad tracks which run along an embankment behind one end zone. What they all saw was a three-yard scoring run by Quarterback Ray Goff and a 23-yard field goal by Allan Leavitt that gave the Bulldogs a 10-0 lead going into the last quarter. Then they watched the Yellow Jackets surge back to tie the score on an 18-yard field goal by Don Smith and a 26-yard end run by Halfback Eddie Lee Ivey. Georgia seemed to be on its way to regaining the lead as it marched downfield. But the Bulldogs coughed up the ball on a fumble on the Tech 29-yard line with 3:09 left. That seemed to assure the Yellow Jackets of no worse than a tie, but on first down they fumbled, the Bulldogs recovering on the Tech 34. On a fourth-and-one play, Goff kept the Bulldog hopes for a victory alive by gunning two yards on a keeper. Meanwhile, Leavitt readied himself for a possible field-goal attempt. "It was like a graveyard on the sidelines," he said later. "Not a soul would say a word to me." His teammates, though, had plenty to say to Leavitt after he booted a field goal from 33 yards out in the last five seconds to give Georgia a 13-10 victory.

Also deadlocked at 10-all late in the fourth period were Florida and Miami. With four minutes left to go, Gator Quarterback Jimmy Fisher raced 48 yards for a touchdown and Florida went on to win 19-10. Fisher kept the Hurricanes off balance throughout the game, running 15 times for 103 yards and completing 14 of 21 passes for a total of 263 yards.

Tennessee overcame a 10-7 halftime deficit and went on to defeat SEC opponent Vanderbilt 13-10. For Bill Battle it was his last game as coach of the Volunteers, whose 6-5 record was their worst in 12 years. Battle, who has endured the wrath of disgruntled fans in recent weeks—For Sale signs appeared on his front lawn and exterminators were sent to his office—announced his resignation early last week.

The largest crowd ever to attend a sports event at the Superdome in New Orleans—76,188—saw Grambling down Southern University 10-2 in the Bayou Classic. Quarterback Doug Williams accounted for the game's only touchdown when he passed 35 yards to Wide Receiver Carlos Penneywell in the first period, the 12th time this season the two had combined on a touchdown pass. For Williams it was his 20th touchdown pass of the year

and the 55th of his three-year career with the Tigers.

North Dakota State held off Eastern Kentucky 10-7 in a Division II playoff. In a Division III semifinal, Towson (Md.) State outlasted St. Lawrence 38-36. Senior Quarterback Dan Dullea kept the Tigers rolling by completing 15 of 31 passes for 258 yards and four touchdowns. That left Dullea with career totals of 473 completions in 864 attempts for 6,400 yards and 53 touchdowns.

East Carolina, which is leaving the Southern Conference to become an independent, wrapped up the league championship by rattling Appalachian State 35-7. Halfback Eddie Hicks and Fullback Tom Douth both scored two touchdowns for the Pirates, who ended the season with a 9-2 record. Hicks, a sophomore, carried the ball a dozen times and gained 106 of East Carolina's 317 rushing yards.

1. MARYLAND (11-0)

2. GEORGIA (10-1) 3. MISS. ST. (9-2)

SOUTHWEST "All dreams are possible," said Houston Coach Bill Yeoman, who suffered through a nightmare 2-8 record last season. His wide-awake Cougars put Rice to sleep 42-20, scoring 19 points in a seven-minute onslaught in the first period. That gave Houston an 8-2 record, at least a share of the Southwest Conference championship and the host role in the Cotton Bowl against undefeated Maryland. Alon Blackwell rushed for 153 yards and three touchdowns as the Cougars amassed 501 yards in total offense, 417 of them on the ground. Although losers, the Owls gained even more yards—554. Senior Quarterback Tommy Kramer had his biggest day of the year, passing for 409 yards and three touchdowns as he connected on 27 of 51 throws. That left Kramer, the national passing artist, with a total of 269 completions in 501 attempts good for 21 touchdowns and 3,319 yards.

Texas Tech, which can tie Houston for first place by defeating Baylor this weekend, also breezed to victory. The Red Raiders rumbled past Arkansas 30-7 as Quarterback Rodney Almon did some bull's-eye passing: 10 of 12 for 163 yards. Spitt End Godfrey Turner kicked on to scoring passes of eight and 17 yards as Tech handed the Razorbacks their fourth consecutive loss.

Texas and Texas A&M squared off on Thanksgiving Day, with the Aggies gobbling up the Longhorns 27-3. For the first time since 1939, Texas failed to score a touchdown against A&M. It was a dismal day all around for the Longhorns, who lost four of their five fumbles, were socked with 11 penalties for 88 yards and had three passes picked off by Defensive Back Lexter Hayes. A&M's sophomore

omore fullback, George Woodard, churned out 109 yards in 29 carries and scored twice. Barefooted Kicker Tony Franklin of the Aggies established two records as he booted field goals of 21 and 57 yards. That gave Franklin a conference career mark of 17 field goals and upped his NCAA record for the most field goals of 50 or more yards to 10. "When the locusts move in, they don't leave anything green," was Texas Coach Durrell Royal's cryptic allusion to the fact that 14 of his 22 original starters this year had missed at least two games because of injuries.

"We knew we'd face a fanatical effort by TCU and we did," said Baylor Coach Grant Teaff after the Bears hung on for a 24-19 triumph. The TCU players desperately wanted a victory so they could avoid a winless season and give Coach Jim Sheffer, who announced his resignation several weeks ago, a going-away present. They almost did it, building a 9-0 lead in the first period, leading 16-7 at the half and then, after falling behind, putting on one last drive. Sophomore Quarterback Steve Bayuk completed 17 of 30 passes for 230 yards and two touchdowns for the Horned Frogs. Eight of those tosses went to Split End Mike Renfro for 161 yards. Baylor finally took the lead with 3:36 remaining when Tailback Gary Blair burst into the end zone from one yard out. Still, the Horned Frogs had not crinkled, driving to the Bears' 11-yard line in the closing moments before Linebacker Tim Black sacked Bayuk on a fourth-down play.

"You've got to be pretty hungry to try an outside kick that late in the game," said Texas-Et Paso Coach Gil Barish after Oklahoma State had done precisely that while leading 42-13 with five minutes left. That was the first score as the Cowboys came up with three interceptions and three UTEP fumbles. Running Back Terry Miller scored three touchdowns and gained 110 yards for the Cowboys. And Quarterback Charlie Weatherbie picked up 180 yards in 12 carries.

Tulsa, which will face McNeese (La.) State in the first Independence Bowl in Shreveport, La., rejoiced over a tie. With sophomore Robert Mayberry rushing for 221 yards, West Texas State built a 17-0 lead over Tulsa in the second quarter. Golden Hurricane Quarterback Dave Rader ran six yards for a score shortly before halftime to cut the margin to 17-7. It remained that way until late in the final period, when Tulsa came up with 10 points in the final 2:44 to earn a 17-17 stand-off and a share of the Missouri Valley Conference title with New Mexico State. Tulsa scored those 10 points on a 17-yard pass from Rader to Flanker David Powell and a 46-yard field goal by Steve Cox in the last second.

WEST Notre Dame and Southern California have met in many memorable games; last week's matchup was not one of them. Each team fumbled six times and USC was penalized eight times for 110 yards. The Trojans, who had won nine straight since dropping their season opener to Missouri and who had been averaging 290.6 yards a game on the ground, were limited to only one first down in the first 28 minutes of play.

It was at this juncture that Quarterback Vince Evans was replaced by Rob Hertel, who is best known at USC as an outstanding infielder in baseball. In the final two minutes of the first half, however, Hertel proved he was also a pitcher of sorts, completing six of seven passes for 61 yards. He climaxed a 67-yard, 10-play drive with a six-yard scoring pass to Flanker Shelton Digs for the first points of the afternoon. Nonetheless, Hertel started off the second half on the sidelines, watching as Evans connected with Split End Randy Simmrin on a 12-yard pass and then on a 63-yard scoring bomb. That put Southern Cal in front 14-0. In all, Simmrin caught six passes for 121 yards.

A change in quarterbacks also brought Notre Dame to life, Rusty Lisch taking over from Rick Slinger at the start of the fourth quarter and teaming up with Running Back Vagas Ferguson on a 17-yard touchdown pass. A 46-yard field goal by Glen Walker of the Trojans and a one-yard plunge by Lisch with four seconds remaining rounded out the scoring. USC coming out on top 17-13. Southern Cal gained only 106 yards on the ground, 75 of

ous week's Pac-8 showdown against UCLA and both Mike Farmer and Vic Jackson against the Irish. As a fullback, Bell's primary assignment on most plays was to throw blocks. Said USC Coach John Robinson, "In many ways this was Bell's finest hour as a Trojan. Just put yourself in his place. This was his last game as a Trojan in the Coliseum. He was playing before a national TV audience and he's a Heisman candidate. This was his last chance to go out in a blaze of glory. Yet, he switched and played fullback, and played with enthusiasm."

Said Bell, "I didn't always know who I was supposed to block, especially in passing situations. I'd just pick out a white jersey and go at him."

San Diego State wound up its season with a 10-1 record by knocking off New Mexico 17-14 as Tailback David Turner carried the ball 38 times for 146 yards and a pair of touchdowns. Fullback Mike Williams was almost as busy for the Lobos; he tugged the ball 35 times for 167 yards. Williams, a sophomore, finished the season with a total of 1,240 yards rushing.

A Division II quarterfinal contest was won by Montana State, which hung on for a 17-16 decision over New Hampshire. The Bobcats earned a rematch with North Central Conference champion North Dakota State, which they had defeated by a 34-7 margin earlier in the season.

Perhaps no one savors victory more than those accustomed to losing. A year ago, Northern Arizona won its opening game, then lost its next nine. This year, the Lumberjacks, with just four senior starters on hand, seemed destined for more hard times. But last week they wrapped up an 8-3 season by defeating Cal State-Fullerton 20-17 with the aid of a short punt and two long scoring efforts. The punt from the end zone landed on Fullerton's 30-yard line and then bounced all the way back to the 12, where Defensive Back Ray Smith fielded it and then ran in for the Lumberjacks' first score. Wide Receiver Tyrone Peterson took care of the other two Lumberjack touchdowns, the first on an 84-yard pass play initiated by Quarterback Herb Denzel, the second by running 28 yards with 6:47 left. It was Northern Arizona's first winning season since 1969. The Lumberjacks also finished the season in third place in the Big Sky Conference by compiling a 4-2 record after having won a mere five league contests in the previous six years.

Also enjoying a rare victory was Oregon State, which elbowed Hawaii 59-0 for its second win in a dozen games.

Arizona State defeated arch-rival Arizona by a score of 27-10.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Senior Center John Pelack, whose redoubtable blocking has paved Tony Dorsett's way for several years, was popping them aside all night as No. 1 Pittsburgh took Penn State 24-7 to finish the season undefeated.

DEFENSE: Mack Mohr, a senior defensive back, helped Houston beat Rice and earn a Cotton Bowl berth by returning an interception 40 yards and blocking two punts, one resulting in a safety, the other setting up a TD.

them by Ricky Bell, who alternated at tailback and fullback. Irish Halfback Al Hunter rambling for 115 yards, but five turnovers kept stalling Notre Dame's attack. Notre Dame drove inside the Southern Cal 33-yard line on six different occasions without scoring a point.

Bell, who spent only about 10 minutes in practice last week working out in fullback, played almost half the game at that position. That was because the Trojans' three fullbacks were all injured, Most Tsapupu in the previ-

1. HOUSTON (8-2)
2. TEXAS TECH (9-1) 3. TEXAS A&M (9-3)

1. USC (10-1)
2. UCLA (8-1-1) 3. WYOMING (8-3)

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THE WILSON BROTHERS—RON, RANDY AND BRAD—ARE PUTTING THE PUCK IN THE NET FOR THE SCHOOL, WHERE ERNIE D AND BASKETBALL ONCE REIGNED

A Providential threesome

Mention Providence College and most of us think of people named Wilkens and Egan and Walker and DiGregorio dribbling basketballs upcourt at breakneck speed. Now, from the same folks who gave us those basketball thrills, come the Wilson brothers—Ron, Brad and Randy—and they move faster than Ernie D ever did. Of course, they wear ice skates, not low-cuts. Recently the Wilsons opened Providence's season by combining for three goals and five assists in the Friars' 4-3 win over Merrimack. In one game last year they scored eight goals—Randy had six, Brad two, and Ron assisted on five of the eight. The ultimate, of course, is a goal by Wilson from Wilson and Wilson—which has happened six times so far in their Providence careers—twice in the same period against Dartmouth, which produced this unusual box score:

Third period—Providence, Ron Wilson (B. Wilson, R. Wilson) 9:22; Providence, Randy Wilson (B. Wilson, R. Wilson) 18:19.

Ron, a 5' 10", 175-pound senior, is a Bobby Orr-type defenseman who kills penalties, runs the power plays and skates about 40 minutes a game. As a sophomore, he led the nation in assists with 61 in 27 games, and finished second in scoring with 87 points. He was the leading scorer on last year's Olympic team, too, before it went to Innsbruck, he quit the club in December and returned to Providence. When the Olympians met the Friars in Providence, Ron scored a goal and an assist in the Friars' 6-3 triumph. He also had four-goal games against Colgate and Vermont, and despite missing PC's first three games because of his Olympic commitments, he finished the season with 66 points—tied for third in the East.

Brother Brad, a 5' 7", 165-pound junior center, looks as though he could be knocked off the puck by the school librarian—until he removes his glasses and pulls on a uniform. Then he is a pocket-sized rocket—the Henn Richard of college hockey. His teammates say that

once for ounce Brad is the toughest player on the club. He is fearless in pursuit of loose pucks, a master of the face-off circle (he won 75% of his draws last season) and a slick opportunist around the net. He has scored 123 points in his 60 games.

"Brad doesn't have as much ability as his two brothers," says one pro scout. "He gets pounded on a lot because of his size, too, and he doesn't shoot enough. But when he gets the puck on his stick—bang! It's in the net." In a 9-6 victory over crosstown rival Brown last season, Brad took only five shots. Result: five goals.

Randy, a 5' 9", 175-pound sophomore leftwinger, has a personality and a playing style that go with being the youngest brother. Ron, 21, is talkative and polite, as a team co-captain should be, and he has great finesse on the ice. Brad, 20, is quiet, shy and a bit of a scrapper, having grown up in big brother's shadow. That leaves Randy, 19, a now-generation type who doesn't give a hang about tradition. Among other things, he is not crazy about wearing the mandatory ties on the road. And on the ice his game is power, cocky power.

"I think my brothers are the greatest, and I love playing with them," Randy says. "But I just can't help thinking I'll be the best in the family some day."

Quise a boast, considering the family. Uncle John Wilson played in 580 straight games for the Detroit Red Wings and the Chicago Black Hawks in the 1950s and now coaches the NHL's Colorado Rockies. Father Larry played three seasons as a forward in the NHL, and now coaches the minor league Baltimore Clippers.

Randy definitely has pro potential. Playing on a line with Brad and Right Wing Denis Martin, the youngest Wilson has a hard, quick, accurate shot that produced 30 goals last season, the highest total by an Eastern freshman. When goaltenders do manage to stop Randy's cannons, brother Brad is there to pop in the rebound.

Randy burst onto the college scene by scoring those six goals—the double hat trick—in his sixth varsity game.

"I'll tell you what it's like to score like that," Randy says. "This strange girl called me up in the middle of the night. She wouldn't tell me her name, but she wanted to know why I don't go out more,

continued

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COLLEGE HOCKEY continued

why I never do much besides play hockey during the season. I don't know where she got that idea; probably because the coach runs a strict bed check. I tried to explain to her that there are some nights when you feel like each person in the stands is watching your every move. And there are some nights when you know that every shot you take is going to go in the net."

Such scoring barrages have made the Wilsons marked men wherever they play. But opponents who pick on one must tangle with all three. Beau Gesie on ice, you might say.

Ron, Brad and Randy were all born in Canada. They participated in the minor stages of developmental hockey in Ontario, but in 1968 moved from Fort Erie, Ontario—practically a suburb of Buffalo—to Dayton when their father took a job as coach of that city's team in the International League.

"Dad was usually too busy to lecture us about hockey," Ron recalls. "Listen to your coach," he always told us. I think he was afraid he would create indecision in our minds if he said too much. Of course, he would talk hockey with us for hours, but only if we kept asking the questions. And he was no Little League parent."

"Maybe not," says Randy, "but you could tell he had been through the game just by looking at his face. He's so banged up we call him Larry the Lip."

While Larry the Lip may have tried to maintain a laissez-faire attitude toward his sons' hockey careers, it is obvious that his approach helped hone their natural instincts. In 1970 the Wilson clan moved to Providence when dad signed to coach the Providence Reds of the American Hockey League. After two years of poor competition in Dayton, the Wilson kids finally got a chance to show their stuff.

For example, East Providence High's hockey team had an 0-21 record the year before the Wilsons came to town. During the three years when they had one, two or three Wilsons in their lineup, the Townies had an 18-4-1 record—and won the New England championship in 1975. Last year—without a Wilson on the roster—East Providence reverted to form and had a 4-17 record.

Providence College has prospered with the Wilsons, too, having put together a 49-37-4 record since No. 1 son Ron arrived on campus in 1973.

The Wilsons thrive on the wide-open

style of the college game, which is almost European in nature compared to the NHL. There is less fighting to slow things down, and no red line to interrupt long passes. All this produces a game that Providence Coach Lou Lamoriello feels is very similar to basketball.

"Like a lot of college teams, we release our forwards early and send them up the ice when the puck's about to change hands," he says. "It's just like Ernie D taking off when he was sure Marvin Barnes would get the rebound."

Ron Wilson is a combination Barnes and Ernie D, and as a result Providence games feature high scores (the Friars averaged nearly six goals a game last season), breakaways galore and a lot of open ice. Ron likes to lurk at the Friars' offensive end longer than any ordinary defenseman would dream of, just waiting to intercept the opposition's passout. Then—slap!—a Providence goal. Ron needs only 78 points this season to become the highest scorer in Eastern history.

Despite his college success, however, he must add at least 20 pounds to his skinny frame or the pro scouts will continue to describe him only as "a good little player." And while they concede that Ron is a different breed of defenseman, they don't appreciate the fact that he played an entire college season (1973-74) without getting a penalty. Or that he still has all his teeth. So Ron might switch to center, he tried the position last season against Boston College and set up three goals in his first four shifts.

Ron and his brothers have started quickly again this season. After Brad and Randy helped win the home opener over Merrimack, Providence played on Merrimack's ice, where Ron scored his first goal of the season on a power play, with an assist from Brad. Randy followed with two goals—one with Brad's help—and Brad set up the fourth Friar score. Indeed, it was not until the ninth Providence goal of the new season that a P.A. announcer was obliged to omit the name "Wilson" from his summary. At that point, with the Friars leading 5-2, the Merrimack fans unveiled an old bed sheet that read: THE WILSON BROTHERS SLEEP TOGETHER. The Wilsons laughed last, though. Ron set up the game-winning goal in a 6-5 victory.

Forget that bed sheet. One thing's for certain. THE WILSON BROTHERS SCORE TOGETHER.

END

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WHEN ARIZONA PLAYS ARIZONA STATE
YOU CAN HEAR THE DIN FOR 120 MILES

There are three axioms in college basketball coaching, never disparage the cooking of the athletic director's wife, never laugh at a referee's toupee and never, ever, open the season with a giant when a cream puff will do. Because they were obliged to violate the last, Fred Snowden and Ned Wulk were chewing their knuckles Thanksgiving Day. As bitter rivals and the respective coaches of Arizona and Arizona State, each had a case of shakes over their Friday night meeting; even if it was each team's opener, it could indicate who might ultimately win the championship of the Western Athletic Conference. They don't play again until February.

So, as the University of Arizona's McKale Center echoed with thumping heartbeats and the rest of the state listened outside the door, Arizona won 92-91 in overtime, getting 34 points from Herm (the Germ) Harris, a real virus as far as Arizona State was concerned. Although Harris did everything but infect his rivals with strep, it was a little-known dream weaver named Tim Marshall who came up with the winning basket on a drive with two seconds remaining. "I just closed my eyes," said Marshall, after opening them in the locker room. "I didn't really want to shoot."

Meanwhile, Ned Wulk reaffirmed what he had been saying all along. With three newcomers in his young Arizona State lineup, including one freshman who looked like an Acapulco cliff diver, this was no way to begin a season. It was the freshman with the long black wavy locks, Johnny Nash, who was beaten on the final play after tormenting Arizona most of the night.

The locals regard U vs. State as the greatest thing since air conditioning. The rivalry embodies even more than the usual bitter feelings common to intrastate foes, for it is a tale of two cities: Tucson, where the University of Arizona is located, and State's hometown Tempe, a suburb of Phoenix. Once these metropolitan areas were comparable in size, but Phoenix' growth long ago accelerated and its citizens look with disdain upon smaller Tucson, a town, they sneer, that is filled with rusted car mufflers. In any case, it is a rivalry to be cherished and one that will endure even though both schools are making overtures to move to the Pac 8 in a package deal.

The depth of the feeling between the schools can be illustrated in several ways. Ernie Valenzuela, a Tucson native and the Arizona student manager, turned down an academic scholarship to State to stay home in Tucson, where he had to pay his own way. And despite Phoenix being only 120 miles from Tucson, U of A officials were not worried about an influx of rival fans. The game contract deemed only 24 tickets to State players, two for each, plus a few hundred more that one fan said were located "up in the rafters" of the 14,438-seat arena. Tony Castagna, who is State's mascot and is prime prey for Wildcat fans in his bright red costume, said, "I'm glad my Sun Devil's head is made out of rubber."

The first thing Arizona fans told Snowden, when he arrived in Tucson in 1972 after being an assistant coach at Michigan, was that any season would be considered successful if he beat State. "It's big-time Phoenix against small-time Tucson," said Snowden last week. "Our fans kind of chide you to go forth and carry out the edict of the populace. Hey, it's a lot of fun. It's tough on your gut, but it's a lot of fun—in a sick sort of way."

The fun Snowden has must make up for all the heat he catches. Before Friday's game Arizona had beaten the Sun Devils only twice in eight tries under Snowden. "I think they play scared when they play us," said James (Silky) Holliman, State's senior guard. "We know we can beat them anytime, anyplace. It's the game of the year for us. We're going out there to prove the power."

The differences between Tucson and Phoenix extend to their basketball coaches, who are antithetical in appearance and style. Snowden is a short black man who is so slick you can almost hear his fingers snapping when he talks. His plush office even has a shoeshine machine in it. Wulk is a tall, solid Midwesterner who thinks that dancing is tapping your foot. Ironically, neither team reflects the per-



HERM "THE GERM" HARRIS BY JOHNNY NASH

sonality of its coach. Snowden has a big, power-oriented squad that likes to jam the ball inside. Wulk's clubs have dash and verve, pressing all over the court, running pell-mell and doubling their bets when they hit a losing streak.

Some U of A fans were concerned about their team's ability to counter State's gaudy defense so early in the season. Still, Snowden did not work the Wildcats against the press until the day before the game. Also causing concern was the fact that the team's best ball handler, junior Gilbert Myles, who wears No. 00, had been relegated to the junior varsity because of his penchant for flash in the backcourt. The demotion came despite the fact that Myles had been a starter since his freshman year and won two games with clutch performances in the final minutes last season.

continued

And State did rattle the Wildcats during the early minutes, forcing three quick turnovers. Snowden had warned his team that the Sun Devils would be loose. "Don't let anyone come in your living room and be insulting," he cautioned. But State quickly built a 12-3 lead and everyone in the stands hunched up to the edge of their seats waiting to see if the Wildcats would heed their coach's advice.

The U of A had expected to win by dominating play under the basket. Instead, it was State's sophomore springboard, Tony Zeno, and transfer Mark Landsberger, a rawboned forward, who dominated the Wildcats' big people. At halftime Arizona's Bob Elliott, the U of A's All-America candidate, had managed but two shots, and only Herm the Germ's long-distance injections kept the team on the radarscope and within five points, 46-41. He was deadly.

Harris' sensational moves figure to provide much of Arizona's scoring this year. Len Gordy, his high school and col-

lege teammate and his roommate on the road, has complete admiration for Harris. Whenever anyone asks him who is the best ballplayer he ever saw, he answers, "Herman Harris."

The Germ looked worthy of Gordy's plaudits at the start of the second half when he rifled in two jumpers that put Arizona even closer. From then on the two teams stayed as tight as thieves who mistrust each other until, with 1:47 left, Holliman had a chance to run out the door with the money. State led by 82-79 and Holliman was on the free-throw line shooting one and one. He missed, and Arizona scrambled back to tie the score on a layup by Phil Taylor with 28 seconds remaining. "We made some really immature mistakes," Holliman said later. "We killed their will. They were giving up. And we let 'em back."

In the overtime State was playing without Zeno, who had fouled out, and Landsberger was limping on a knee injured when he drove to the basket on the final play of regulation time. Still, the

Sun Devils built an early four-point lead. But Arizona kept popping away, and Harris—with Snowden pleading for a time-out from the sidelines—put the Wildcats ahead by sinking a jumper with 46 seconds left.

Before the cheers had subsided Holliman drove the length of the floor and fed teammate Bill Kucharsky for a layup to give State the lead once again. Obviously this was a game that would be won by the team last in possession of the ball. Arizona's Marshall had it last, and the only place he could get rid of it was in the basket. "Don't you ever bring that ball over to me with two seconds left again," Marshall told playmaker Gary Harrison after the game.

The remark was made in jest, but Marshall had a point. Some people may think it charming to play for the Cactus League championship on the day after Thanksgiving, but with everyone in the desert looking on and with all the pressure, no one wanted to become a turkey just for the sake of trying to be a hero. **END**

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The endless summer turns golden

AT SUNSET BEACH THE TALK WAS OF TOURS, DOLLARS AND CONGLOMERATES



MARK WARREN'S WIN ADDED \$5,000 TO THE "BRONZE AUSSIE" TREASURY. COUNTRYMAN MARK RICHARDS (RIGHT) FINISHED IN SECOND

In the Hawaiian language, the word *hui* (pronounced "hoey") means a club, a company, a society, a corporation, a partnership, or even—to stretch it a little—a conspiracy. Last week Hawaii's surfers were leaning toward the last definition. Once again, as four times before in the eight-year history of the Smirnoff World Pro-Am Surfing championships, the Hawaiians had been beaten by the Australians, but this time with a difference. Although Mark Warren, a 23-year-old Australian, was the nominal champion, the real winner was a surfing *hui* that calls itself "The Bronze Aussies."

The *hui*'s chairman of the board (so to speak) is 24-year-old Ian Cairns from Perth, in Australia's farthest west, who won the 1973 Smirnoff on an unusual triple-skipped board and finished second last year. "Warren, Peter Townsend and I got together this year," Cairns said after the final at Oahu's Sunset Beach. "You know, to get sponsors, endorsements, travel money, that sort of thing. We got a manager and we're writing articles, doing promotional work and holding clinics in Sydney. We're pooling all our income and we've done nicely so far." Nicely at the 1976 Smirnoff meant \$5,000 contributed by Warren and \$500 more by Townsend, 23, who finished

fourth, boosting the conglomerate's earnings from surfing prizes to \$15,932.25 for the year to date.

Corporate enterprise is no stranger to most professional sports—but surfing? Are these evanescent and usually unfindable free spirits about to be transformed into button-down businessmen who ask "How much?" rather than "How high?" when told the surf is up? Are there even now 10-percenters creeping among the palms and across the sands of Australia's Gold Coast, Hawaii's north shore and South Africa's beaches on the lookout for a sun-bleached star to sign? Baseball players have been heard to say they would play for nothing (though not recently, perhaps), but in the last 20 years playing for no pay all day every day has been almost a religion for thousands of young men and women who have migrated to the warmer and wavier areas of the world. Now one begins to wonder if the endless summer is about to fade into the fiduciary fall.

Maybe—but if so, the Aussie *hui* will be seen as a symptom, not a cause, of change. The gradual elevation of surfing into a professional sport rather than an anarchic escape device for athletic dropouts began in 1969 when Smirnoff held the first "big money" surfing contest at

continued



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John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.	53.0	36.4	10.6
Blue Cross/Blue Shield of Michigan	50.9	38.3	10.8
Delta Dental Plan of Michigan	30.9	44.0	25.1
Aetna Life and Casualty	23.3	47.5	29.2

*Source: American Dental Association, 1976.

(1) 44.6% of the total replied

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Santa Cruz, Calif. Big money then was \$4,100. Dispirited but undaunted by a final decided on two-foot waves, the sponsor decided to move its contest to Hawaii the following year, and ever since the event has been a jewel waiting for a crown to adorn.

Now, thanks in large part to the efforts of Fred Hemmings, the meet director and a former world amateur surfing champion, the crown is taking shape. At the kickoff party at the Kuliama Hyatt Resort Hotel the Saturday night before this year's "wait for good surf" watch began, Hemmings announced formation of the International Professional Surfers, a dues-paying organization that has organized the "Grand Prix," consisting of 14 official tournaments in 1977 offering \$146,100 in prize money. Randy Rarick, newly fledged as IPS administrative director after a two-year tour of tournament sites, explained the point and money earnings rating system that will establish a world champion; and a representative of Beachcomber Bill's, a California sandal maker that sponsored the party, promised the Grand Prix' top pointmaker \$1,500 and an around-the-world airplane ticket. Every surfer present signed up.

The ticket is no small inducement. Though Hemmings and Rarick claim to have modeled their surfing circuit on the PGA golf tour, it is in truth a circuit of the whole world, and a surfer who taps out in Coca-Cola's \$25,000 tournament in Sydney next May can't just hitchhike 3,000 miles across Australia and then swim the Indian Ocean to make the next event, South Africa's Gunston 500. The tournament routing is coordinated to eliminate backtracking, but the mileage is staggering: first New Zealand, then four Australian tournaments, next two in South Africa, then Brazil, next Florida and finally five contests in Hawaii.

Thoughts of these distances, combined with a little night music provided by the Pacific outside the hotel, kept the new IPS members from succumbing to total exuberance. No one can ride a 30- to 40-foot wave and that was the kind that was hitting the ramparts of the Kuliama during the founding session. A North Pacific storm had sent down a monstrous swell. "For the first time I can remem-

ber," said Hemmings, "I was worried that we'd have too much surf to start the contest." The worry proved unfounded; on Monday morning the pros encountered articulated, well-spaced 10- to 12-foot sets at Sunset.

Smirnoff representatives had wondered privately if all the talk of Australia's two \$25,000 tournaments, a third worth \$19,000 and the \$14,000 Gunston in South Africa might diminish the appreciation of their \$12,100 event. But actually, the Smirnoff's top money of \$5,000 equals that of the proposed events, and winning it was seen as a leg up for any surfer contemplating the new tour. If anything, the contestants who showed up Monday morning were even more motivated than in the past.

There were absentees. Shaun Thomson, a highly regarded South African, was kept home by exams. Florida's Mike Kaitau was also missing, which allowed Hawaii's Eddie Aikau, miffed at being left off the list of invited surfers, to move into one of the preliminary heats.

Despite the short notice, some 3,000 people thronged Sunset's grungy overlook Monday morning—most of them ardent supporters of the Hawaiian contestants. It was not to be one of their happiest days. By the time the eight six-man heats had been run off, it was clear that the Australians had landed in force. Two men from each heat qualified for the three-heat semifinals, and nine of the qualifiers were Aussies, among them all three members of the then-undisclosed *hwa*. Six Hawaiians and one South African—Jonathan Paarman—also survived the preliminaries. Before the day ended, Hemmings decided to go ahead with the single-heat women's championship. Jericho Poppler of Long Beach made the waves come tumbling down exactly as she wished to win the \$1,000 prize.

The plan was to hold the semifinal heats and the final the next day, but a storm closed out all the benches until Thursday, when the sea went flat. On Sunday, when the surf came back up to 10 feet, Hemmings elected to go ahead, first with a repechage heat of third-place finishers to round out the field for the three semifinals at six men each. Two more Hawaiians slipped into contention,

giving them one fewer than the Australians. The surf was good—long, well-formed waves, some off the point and others opening up in Sunset's middle—but a continually shifting wind tended to blow surfers off waves they thought they had. Nobody backed off voluntarily—including Townsend, who edged out his compatriot Cairns for a berth in the final.

In midafternoon the six finalists set out—Hawaii's Aikau and James Jones, South Africa's Paarman, and Aussies Warren, Townsend and Mark Richards, the 19-year-old defending champion who was battling a bad back in the hope of being the contest's first repeat winner. The surf itself seemed to stiffen for this last onslaught, which would end when 48 waves had been ridden. There were many good rides, but as the end neared it was clear that the top contenders were Warren, Richards and Aikau. The Australians were swift and stylish. In contrast, Aikau, dark and powerfully built, seemed to overpower waves, but not quite enough of them.

For the first time in memory, all of the finalists were met with spontaneous applause as they emerged from the water and, also for the first time in memory, there was no complaint with the judging. Richards hugged Warren after accepting his \$2,000 second-place check, and Aikau, who finished third, was graceful in defeat. A few Hawaiians muttered "damned Australians" when they heard about the *hwa*, but it was clear they were annoyed only because they hadn't thought of forming one themselves. There will almost surely be a "Sons of Hawaii" somewhere along the 1977 Grand Prix trail.

As soon as the meet was over, a few of the contestants prepared to go home, but the corporate kings of Australia settled in to wait for the IPS-sanctioned \$6,000 Duke Classic and the \$3,000 Masters' Pipeline in December and the \$10,000 Men's World Cup in January. Would the conglomerate come back for future Smirnoffs if there was no increase in the prize money?

"No way to keep us out," said one of the Aussies. "It was the first and it's still the best, and besides, it's here. But don't quote me."

END

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He took the high road

HAVING RUN 110 MILES A WEEK AT 7,000 FEET IN NEW MEXICO, RICK ROJAS CRUISED OVER PHILADELPHIA'S HILLY FAIRMOUNT COURSE TO WIN THE AAU CHAMPIONSHIP

Several things made the national AAU cross-country championship in Philadelphia last Saturday such a pleasant affair. Although the sky was gray, it did not rain and the temperature was a comfortable 61°. In addition this was truly an American championship, in contrast to the NCAA meet five days earlier in Denton, Texas, where Kenyans running for Washington State and Texas-El Paso finished one, two and five. Third, there were no superstars on hand. Frank Shorter had scratched because of the flu, Bill Rodgers because of the weakening after-effects of Mount Fuji's Revenge that assailed him during a recent trip to Japan. "I hardly know anybody here," said Barry Brown, who is going on 33. "I must be getting old."

One of the most highly regarded young runners was Terry Cotton, a 22-year-old PE student at the University of Arizona and a member of a San Diego club, the Jamul Toads.

Although Cotton had finished 18th in the NCAA, he had won seven of his last nine races, setting course records in six of them. Nobody, however, considered Rick Rojas a favorite, except perhaps his teammates on the Colorado Track Club. "Let's face it, I'm an unknown here," said the 24-year-old computer data analyst from Los Alamos, N. Mex.

The 10,000-meter course, running through Fairmount Park, the biggest city park in the U.S., was considered by many of the 400 starters to be the toughest in the country. It was a narrow hiking path through the woods that went up and down four big hills named Flagpole, Parachute, Surekill and Nursery. The course had half-buried rocks and treacherous gullies and it wriggled under the pines and sycamore trees, forcing the runners to chop their strides.

A week before the race Paul Stemmer of the Nittany Valley Track Club had set a course record of 30:51.2, and on Saturday it was Stemmer and teammate George Malley who set the pace for the

first two miles. Kirk Pfeffer, 20, of the Jamul Toads and the University of Colorado, took the lead at the three-mile mark, flinging his 6' 2" frame downhill. But Surekill Hill lay in wait half a mile farther on, and Rojas, a small, compact runner with a bushy black mustache, had slipped through the field from about 100th place at the first quarter and was suddenly at Pfeffer's heels. He flew up Surekill, passing Pfeffer with remarkable ease. "I wasn't even trying," Rojas said later. "Whenever the course went uphill, everybody around me seemed to stand still." From that point on, Rojas stayed in front. "I hadn't seen the course before," he said, "so whenever I came to a corner I had to ask directions. I didn't give it everything until I had about half a mile to go. By that time Cotton was breathing down my neck."

Halfway through the race Cotton had moved into fifth place. He had had a wisdom tooth pulled two weeks before and was also fighting a cold. "I was just hoping to stay there," he said afterward, "but when I moved up to second with a quarter mile to go, I realized I should have gone for the lead sooner. I guess I just gave Rojas the race."

Rojas broke Stemmer's week-old course record, clocking 30:23.8 and edging Cotton by three seconds. Most of the race had seemed like a cruise to him. "I didn't feel any pain at all," he said. The key to Rojas' success was that he came well prepared. After a frustrating summer in which he failed to make the finals of the Olympic 5,000-meter trials, he cut down his work days at the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratories to six hours so he could train 110 miles a week at 7,000 feet. "We have the same kind of hills as these back home," he said in Philadelphia, "the same kind of dirt roads." When his father, an iron worker, campaigned for sheriff of Los Alamos County for his 10th term, Rojas ran 20 miles one day "delivering leaflets for the old man."

Until now, Rojas' running career had

been rather unspectacular. He spent four years at Harvard studying Spanish literature. "At Harvard we concentrated a lot on dual meets," he said, "and by the time I got to the big championships I was pretty tired." The first time he was satisfied with his performance was in 1975, the year after his graduation, when he won the marathon in the Pan-American Trials. Later that year he won the 15-kilometer AAU race in Denver in 45:50, the fourth-fastest time ever run in the U.S., beating Shorter by 55 seconds. "Maybe I'll get some invitations to meet now," he said after winning in Philadelphia. For starters, his victory gave him a trip to the IAAF cross-country championship in Düsseldorf next March. There was a surprise team winner at Philadelphia, too. The Toads, a 2-year-old club, led by Cotton, Pfeffer (fourth) and Ed Mendoza (ninth), beat the Colorado Track Club, champions the previous two years. "Three weeks ago," said the Toads' coach, Bob Larsen, "my runners had to start raising money for the trip. We almost didn't make it. And we sure didn't think we had a chance." But then neither did Rojas.

END



TERRY COTTON WAS TAILED BY ROJAS (349)

Bearing the colors of a San Francisco bar, a Denver cab company and a Royal Oak, Mich. machine shop among others, more than 600 athletes descended on St. Louis last week for what properly could be called the most touching competition in sport. Any moist eyes, however, were a result of the raw, freezing weather, and sentiment generally was less important than beer. The occasion was the sixth annual National Touch Football League championship tournament.

That's right, touch football—the game made famous by the Kennedys and played on every greenward and sandlot from Bangor to Beverly Hills. Touch football is often a friendly, coeducational, choose-up-sides affair in which everyone goes out for a pass but the passer, the forward pass constituting 99 percent of a team's offense. When the game is over, a touch football team usually retires to the nearest tavern or keg for a beer, which is the *aqua vita* of the game. This helps explain why every touch football game invariably includes no less than six people who are overweight, out of shape, slow and apparently happy about it.

To those who had somehow missed the first five NTFL tournaments, it therefore was a surprise to observe the sophistication the sport can reach when it is played by athletes more dedicated to winning than running a deep fly pattern into

They won it handily

A BUNCH OF NURSERYMEN SHUT DOWN THE LOCAL BAR IN THE NTFL FINALS

the nearest friendly neighborhood bar.

Beer and the forward pass, to be sure, were suitably revered in the hearts of the NTFL players, but there was no denying the athletic skill exhibited on the city park fields of suburban Fenton, where the four-day tournament was contested, nor the intensity that preceded it. Indeed, but for the absence of pads, helmets, tickets, television, Pete Rozelle and all spectators except those related by marriage or romance to one of the players, it might have been the Super Bowl.

"We're here to have a good time," said Tony Samardich, 29, coach of the defending champion Royal Oak club, which brought a 32-2 season record into the competition. "but first of all, we're here to win. We'll party like anyone else, but when we go out on the field it's serious business." An imported-car salesman in the Detroit area, Samardich is familiar with serious business.

"This isn't a joke to anybody," said Steve Rosenthal, a 34-year-old shoe company executive who coaches and plays for Bogart's Bar, one of St. Louis' two top towns. "You don't drive 2,000 miles to get here unless you want to win." Rosenthal's sentiments were somewhat ironic. In a game earlier this year he stopped a full-force block with his face after snapping the ball and remonstrated with the offending defensive player by saying, "Geezuz, buddy. I gotta go to work tomorrow."

For real determination, however, few were in the class of Bob Steel, who will qualify as touch football's answer to George Allen as soon as his personality swings from likable to miserable. The 33-year-old coach of Friday's Steelers, Bogart's St. Louis rival both on the football field and in the booze biz, Steel has financed his club by holding raffles and dances and kept it happy with organized beer busts, one of which he threw the night after the Steelers won an early tournament game.

Steel also has recruited with a passion, acquiring his Steelers off other rosters (loyalty is a sometime thing in touch football, just as it is in the NFL), out of softball leagues, from the NFL waiver wire and, in one memorable instance, from the officiating crew at a high school basketball game. That's where he found Gene Sandrowski, a 250-pounder who wears No. 66 in honor of the Cards' Conrad Dobler, who has won votes as the NFL's dirtiest player. "When I saw how easily Sandrowski was throwing players out of that game," Steel says, "I figured he'd make a good blocking back."

A word about touch football rules. Touches are made with two hands. There are seven players to a team, each of whom is an eligible pass receiver. The game consists of two 24-minute halves, with the last two minutes of each called "pro time" because the clock stops on every first down or incomplete pass. During the rest of the game the clock keeps running except for penalties or timeouts. Games usually last about 75 minutes. The 100-yard field is segmented by stripes every 10 yards, and the offensive team has four downs to make a first down by reaching the next stripe, no matter where it started.

With seven-player teams running six-player pass patterns the field seems to be wider and longer than it is. Touch football also features laterals—sometimes



STEELER BRUNE TAKES A HIGH SNAP AND THEN HAS A HIGH TIME AT POSTGAME FESTIVITIES

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TOUCH FOOTBALL *continued*

four on a single play—reminiscent of rugby. It makes for a fast, wide-open game and large numbers on the scoreboard. Just how wide open the game can get became apparent earlier this year in St. Louis when one enterprising running back racked up a big gain after he broke a one-handed touch thanks to a pair of tearaway shorts.

Neither gimmicks nor big reputations assure stardom in touch football, however. "A lot of people who have played pro football think they can come right in here and be superstars," Rosenthal says, "but it isn't necessarily so. No matter how big you are or how strong, you've got to have good hands and quickness to play this game."

In that regard, one of Rosenthal's finest receivers is Tim Van Galder, a KMOX sports announcer who may be remembered as a former Cardinal quarterback.

"One of the reasons I play is to keep active," Van Galder says. "You get fat if you don't do anything. Another thing, all my life I wanted to be a receiver but I couldn't because I didn't have any kind of exceptional speed. Now I'm playing that position and that's why I particularly enjoy the game."

Obviously, an NFL team is a haven for the frustrated athlete who because of a lack of size or strength saw his football career end after high school, college or the early visit of the NFL Turk. To a man, however, touch footballers rave about their sport because of its camaraderie, and none more so than 32-year-old Ike Dunne of San Francisco's Odyssey Bar, the team which traveled farthest to get to the tournament. "I love this game," Dunne says. "Some of us on our team have been playing it together since we were eight years old."

As for the tournament, which showcased 32 teams representing 12 states and Hamilton, Ontario, a first-round loss relegated a club to the consolation bracket. Teams subsequently losing in the championship bracket were ousted immediately, which added to the prevailing miasma of heavy earnestness.

"Many of us have played college ball or gone quite a way in organized athletics," Van Galder said, "but for some of these other guys, this may be the biggest thing of the year. They act like they're playing for the Super Bowl."

For St. Louis, at least, the most appealing tournament finale would have matched Bogart's against the Steelers in

a classic intracity showdown between contrasting life-styles. The Steelers are self-professed blue-collar types, proud of their physical intimidation. Bogart's, a team composed of more bourgeois types, runs a disciplined offense with precise pass patterns.

"We don't make as much dough in our place as those Bogart guys," said 255-pound Mike McCarthy, a defensive lineman who will not soon be mistaken for Rex Harrison. "Their bar is nice, I gotta admit, but mostly it's teeny-bopper stuff. Our place is full of all kinds of people."

Sadly for the cause of local color, Bogart's was knocked out of the tournament by Four Seasons, a team representing a Columbus, Ohio nursery. A more elderly bunch than most of the competition, Four Seasons rode the passing arm of 32-year-old Chuck Freiburger, a practicing attorney, to a 14-7 overtime win.

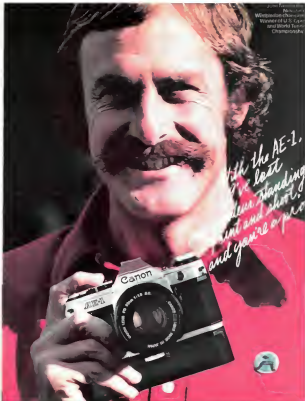
"The main reason I play this game," Freiburger said, "is that I've always played team sports and I enjoy the beer drinking afterwards."

Four Seasons advanced to Sunday's championship game with a 10-7 victory over Royal Oak when Don Cook kicked the game-winning field goal in the last three seconds. Meanwhile, Friday's recovered from Steel's party to knock off Hamilton 14-0 on Saturday morning and Athlete's World, another Columbus entry, in a 12-6 nighttime triumph made almost insufferable by a wind-chill factor of 10° below zero.

It was plenty cold for Sunday afternoon's championship game, too, but the weather had no noticeable effect on the increasingly tough defense played by Four Seasons, which made the day even more miserable for Steeler Quarterback Larry Brune and his cast of receivers. Headed by Tim Pond, a 31-year-old public relations man who starred in the Four Seasons secondary and also caught the game's first touchdown pass, the Oilers blanked Friday's 13-0 for their first NTFL championship in five years of trying. The key to Columbus' success was a defensive unit that allowed but 14 points in five games.

After the loss, two Steelers, oblivious to the cold, stood discussing at length what needed to be done to win next year. Under other circumstances it might have seemed crazy. In this case it was merely touching.

END



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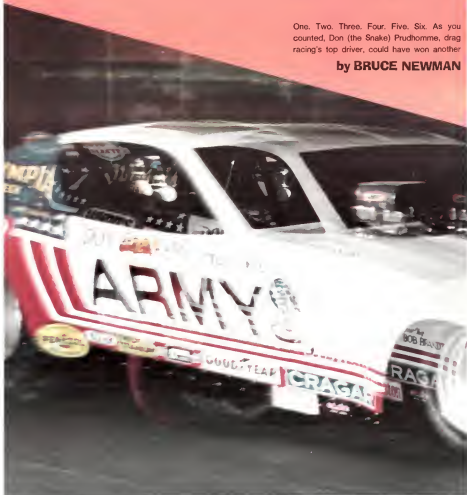
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THIS SNAKE DOESN'T RATTLE, HE ROLLS

One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six. As you counted, Don (the Snake) Prudhomme, drag racing's top driver, could have won another

by **BRUCE NEWMAN**





CONTINUED



Don Prudhomme has always been good with speed in the same way that some men are good with elegant women and others have a command of languages. There are drivers who believe speed is nothing more than a kind of commodity to barter with to get more money, greater fame; as if it were something you could hold in the palm of your hand, examine under a jeweler's loupe and place in a vault until it is needed. To Prudhomme, speed has a worth of its own; it intrigues, almost entrances him, perhaps because its attainment is never absolute. There is always one mph more, one hundredth of a second less.

And this is the problem, for at just this moment he feels as if he is moving under water. He is in the pit area at the U.S. National Drag Races in Indianapolis, working on his car. It is a Funny Car: loathsome name; he hates it. What is funny about driving at 240 mph down a stretch of pavement lined with people right next to another car? Prudhomme is feeling the pressure. "A wrench. I need a wrench."

He is not fond of the spectators, because, after all, what do they know? He has seen them before. Two long hedge-rows of blurred faces as he hurtles down the drag strip. The odd thing is that the speeds at which he drives, even if only in bursts of six seconds or less, seem somehow to have altered his body's metronome, so that now, needing a wrench,



Shielded from flames and fumes, the Snake settles into his car.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERZ KLUTMEIER



After the fury of a run, a parachute silently salutes another win.

he feels as if he has been jellied in *aspic*. All these excited people crowding in on him, talking so fast, too fast, their words seeming to run together. *Too fast.*

Prudhomme is in Indianapolis seeking his sixth Nationals title, drag racing's \$20,000 golden fleece. In 12 years on the pro circuit he has won 21 national events—five in a rail-bodied fuel dragster and 16 in a Funny Car, which is similar to the old-style, front-engine "rails" except that its mechanical innards are hidden under a lightweight one-piece fiber glass body so it looks something like a streetcar, a Chevrolet Monza in Prudhomme's case. That is five more Nationals than have been won by 44-year-old Don (Big Daddy) Garlits, the sport's most famous fossil, now semi-retired in Tampa, Fla. Last year Prudhomme won a record six of eight National Hot Rod Association Nationals (in the NHRA's scheme of things, every drag race worth more than \$5,000 to the winner is a "National"). This year he improved his own record, winning seven out of eight.

The drama of two drivers each trying to get to the end of a quarter-mile straightaway first—with the winner going on to the next round and the loser putting his car on the trailer—tends to obscure the fact that drag racing. *continued*

With his car's flip-top body propped out of the way, Prudhomme figures how hard he must push the engine in the coming round.



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over 30, moderately well groomed and financially solvent. True, many of them wear denim and leather jackets, but the jeans are usually French-cut and pressed, and the leathers fawn-colored and purchased in boutiques. Prudhomme, who carries an attache case, is of this breed.

It is one of those perfect California afternoons of late summer. Heat rises from Sunset Boulevard in a shimmering haze as Prudhomme eases his \$20,000 Ferrari past a tourist bus. He has been cruising, just like this, since 1958, when he dropped out of high school to paint cars in his father's body shop. In the '50s, cruising usually led to street racing, and that sometimes led to trouble with the law.

When he was 17 Prudhomme joined the Road Kings, a car club that included such future luminaries as Ivo and Ken Safford. It was then that he bought a 1950 Oldsmobile and began racing it at the abandoned airport runways that at that time passed for drag strips. "When I started racing," Prudhomme says, "I was always the first one in line outside the gates at the track. The muffler was the first thing to come off, and I'd just sit there gunning the engine, waiting for them to let me in. I loved it so much."

Two years later Ivo invited Prudhomme along on what

proved to be a watershed tour of the East. It was the first time that a drag racer had campaigned his car professionally nationwide, and Ivo—who knows something about show biz—towed his candy-apple-red racer from town to town behind a candy-apple-red Cadillac limousine. Prudhomme was Ivo's young subaltern, inexperienced but eager to help and to learn.

When Prudhomme returned from barnstorming with Ivo, he continued to paint cars for his father until 1965, when he turned professional. His first year as a pro, Prudhomme drove a long-wheelbase fuel dragster, and received almost weekly beatings from Ivo.

Their most memorable confrontation was at the speedway in Islip, N.Y., an eighth-of-a-mile track. In addition to being half the length of a normal drag strip, it had a shutdown area that was a holy mess. Ivo and Prudhomme agreed before the first of their three match races that they would ease off the throttle early and not risk crashing. Moreover, Ivo insisted that since he had arranged the booking and had the larger following, he should be allowed to win the races. Prudhomme agreed, reluctantly, but when the moment came for him to let Ivo beat him, he couldn't do it.

Between runs Ivo reminded Prudhomme of their bar-

continued

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gain, and the Snake dutifully promised to throw the next two races. But when Ivo won the second heat, one of Prudhomme's crewmen couldn't resist putting the needle in. "See, Prudhomme, Ivo can beat you any time he wants to," he said. What Prudhomme said is not a matter for the record, but it is safe to say that he came to the starting line for the third race with a flinty look in his eyes and a firm resolve to win.

Ivo, however, came to the line with something even better—the sure and certain knowledge that the starter was going to bat the green light the instant the front wheels of both cars had broken the electric eye's beam of light, rather than holding them for an instant, as is customary. Ivo, as it happened, had spoken to the starter, and assured him that this was just as Prudhomme wanted it. By the time Prudhomme realized what was happening, Ivo was long gone. Extremely long, as it turned out. Ivo's braking parachute failed to open, so when Prudhomme finally caught up with him, they were past the end of the track and in the parking lot. Prudhomme was so moved by Ivo's perfidy that it took several crewmen to prevent him from decking TV Tommy.

At the 1965 U.S. Nationals, Prudhomme drove Roland Leong's "Hawaiian" car to his first NHRA title at Indy, beating Ivo in the final round of eliminations. Stung by the loss, Ivo began telling people that Prudhomme was only as good as the car he was driving, a lousy mechanic who wouldn't know a socket wrench if he saw one. The following year, the "Hawaiian" won both the Winternationals in Pomona, Calif., and the U.S. Nationals at Indy, but with Mike Melvill—not Prudhomme—driving. Over the winter Prudhomme went back to California and had begun to tear engines apart and put them together again. Still, it was not until 1973, when Prudhomme switched from driving dragsters to driving his own Funny Car, that he was accepted as both a gifted mechanic and driver.

"It wasn't easy for me to admit to myself that Ivo was right, but when I did, it paid off," Prudhomme confesses, glancing at a speck in the side mirror of his Ferrari. As the car comes out of a sweeping turn and into a sharp downhill near Bel Air, the speck grows larger until it becomes, finally, a silver Porsche Carrera, knifing through traffic and past the Ferraris. For a mile, then two, the Porsche maintains its lead. Prudhomme's mind wanders from his story; sentences are left dangling. As the cars approach a traffic light, Prudhomme downshifts suddenly and the Ferrari bursts through a hole in traffic. The Porsche is trapped as the Ferrari flashes by. The sun explodes on the front windshield, the tachometer needle flutters wildly and the speedometer climbs steadily past 70 as Don Prudhomme turns to look at the silver Porsche. And smiles. *So fast.*

The pickup truck and its long trailer nose through the gate of the dragway at Martin, Mich., past an unpaved parking area and into the pits. Bob Brandt, Prudhomme's 30-year-old chief mechanic, motions to the spectators to move out of the truck's path so he can park it and get the race car out of the long, coffinlike trailer.

The day had begun at 7 a.m. with a breakfast of cig-

arettes and coffee in Cleveland. Cleveland is where the car is based during the summer because it is semi-centrally located. Brandt and the third member of the crew, 19-year-old Mike Peloguin, live there in a motel nearly five months every year. Someone has to stay with the car. Usually it is Brandt and Peloguin, since Prudhomme flies home to California whenever he has more than five days off.

It costs Prudhomme about \$200,000 a year to operate his car, when you figure in parts, fuel and travel. Nitromethane fuel alone costs \$8 a gallon, and the car gets about 220 feet to the gallon, or 24 gallons a mile.

To offset the expense, Prudhomme, like all racers, has sponsors who pay for the privilege of having their names on the side of the car. His most lucrative affiliation is with the U.S. Army. Its recruiting division feels it is worth \$70,000 in publicity to have a billboard that travels 240 mph.

"We've gotten lots of publicity because of the Army sponsorship," says Prudhomme. "Most of it bad. One promoter whom we won't run for has gotten a lot of other drivers mad at us by telling them that we're beating them with their own tax money."

Prudhomme commands a \$2,500 guarantee wherever he appears; at some tracks that is \$1,000 more than any other driver. Between his guarantee and his winnings he expects to make about \$175,000 this year.

Money is another reason many of the other drivers resent Prudhomme. "A lot of his success is a result of his sponsors," says Ivo. "Unfortunately, drag racing is now at a point where speed costs money. It's just a question of how much you have and how fast you want to go. Prudhomme can afford to run hard and blow a couple of pistons because he's getting more appearance money than anyone else on the track. If I break some parts or burn a piston and it costs me a couple of hundred dollars, that's my profit down the drain."

Another advantage Prudhomme has is that soldiers, with their Today's-Army-Wants-To-Join-You mustaches, show up at most tracks with color pictures of the car to hand out and keep the kids off Prudhomme's back. At the Popular Hot Rodding Meet in Martin, they were there with a tank to make a recruiting pitch.

U.S. 131 Dragway, named for a nearby dual-line highway, is a licorice-colored scar straddled by wooden bleachers and surrounded by the farmlands of Michigan's lower peninsula. The strip is about half a mile long—the first quarter-mile for the spectators and the second for the drivers, who must stop cars that are inhaling 300 feet of track per second. Around the starting line there is a residue of all that energy, a layer of burned rubber and oil so thick that it can pull the shoes from your feet.

In the staging lanes, Prudhomme's car is open like the jaws of a clam. The 175-pound fiber glass body has been propped up to facilitate working on the engine and to allow its driver to climb in behind the tiny butterfly-style aircraft steering wheel.

In his fireproof suit, air mask, helmet and goggles, Prudhomme looks like one of those grotesque magnifications of a house fly. Between his knees is the steering column

continued

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The owner asks the driver how much money he wants, and whatever figure the driver gives him, the man says "too much." The racer is at the track operator's mercy because if he doesn't take what's being offered, the man has about 50 other guys he can call. If the driver doesn't want to go hungry, he'll take whatever bone they throw him.

"The bottom line as far as most of these guys are concerned is their balance sheet. I've seen drivers get totaled at a track, then heard some moron of an owner moaning about how his insurance rates are going to go up. The guy who has knocked over one of his lousy light poles isn't even stiff yet, and the owner is worried about insurance premiums. I guess it wouldn't be fair to say all of them are that way. Just most of them."

Prudhomme's discourse is interrupted by a passing trucker, who has seen the name painted on the trailer and wants to talk on the CB. What follows, less the mandatory references to bears, is a transcript of that conversation.

"You fellows headed for Idaho?" asks the trucker.

"Cleveland. Why do you ask?"

"I just came from Idaho, and there was an advertisement on the radio that said you're racing there this week."

Prudhomme could not have been more pleased to learn

of this; it seemed to prove everything that he had just said about drag-strip owners. "A lot of small tracks use our name in their advertising to draw good crowds," he tells the trucker. "Then when we don't show up, they tell the people that the car broke down and we canceled. They know nobody is going to check up on a thing like that, and it's money in the bank for them." Satisfied, the trucker rolls off.

After a one-day layover in Cleveland, there is a 10-hour drive to Lebanon Valley, N.Y. More boredom. Fitful sleep. Truck-stop food. A companion tells Prudhomme that he would have to look as low as Class A baseball to find such miserable traveling conditions. And there are very few \$175,000-a-year men in Class A baseball.

The pits at Lebanon Valley are another depressing hodgepodge of noise and confusion. There is no asphalt to work on and the local run-whatcha-brung racers with their rasping engines have churned the dust up into a fine mist that envelops Prudhomme's car. There is something very Third World about the top name in drag racing having to pull apart a \$20,000 motor in the dirt. "This is something you off about drag racing," says Prudhomme. "It's like working in the desert."

During a routine drop of the oil pan, Pelouquin discovers

continued



Remember tagging along after the big guys and watching them shoot baskets? Even though they wouldn't let you play, you learned a lot.

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Almadén Vineyards, Los Gatos and Pacifico, California

a burned bearing. Judging by Prudhomme's reaction, a bearing is a pretty grim thing to have burned. "There's no excuse for this," he says, angry. "It should have been checked in Cleveland."

The car is repaired and sowed to the lanes in time for the first race, but a fiasco, once started, generates a momentum of its own. Matched against an unknown (so unknown he doesn't even have his name painted on the door panels of his car, an omission of such consequence in drag-racing society that the car is actually booted), Prudhomme, distracted by the burned bearing, red-lights, spins his tires, and drives himself right out of the money.

Back in the pits, Prudhomme and Brandt disembowel the motor once again. Spectators peer into the operating theater expectantly, whispering among themselves, trying to solve the riddle of the great man's loss. Total access to its backstage arena is part of drag racing's special appeal: for a modest fee a fan can buy a pass that gives him the run of the track.

Many of the drivers accept this intrusion into their working domain gracefully. Some even sell T-shirts out of the back of their trailers. But Prudhomme resents the interlopers, and though he seldom refuses an autograph or a handshake, his hostility is ill-disguised. It is difficult to imagine Sparky Anderson conducting a conference on the mound with 50 or so fans huddled around, each loudly offering opinions on the relative merits of Rawly Eastwick vs. Will McEnaney.

It is 2 a.m. before Prudhomme leaves Lebanon Valley with his \$2,500 guarantee. He must wake up the deskman to register at a motor court nearby. The next day there is a six-hour drive to a strip in Epping, N.H., then a 10-hour trip back to another track at York, Pa. And on and on. After a while the towns become just a blur.

Labor Day dawns clear on Indianapolis. Prudhomme is quiet, smoking cigaretttes and refusing food. He has come here as a heavy favorite, but all he can think about is all the things that could go wrong. Last year he had come to Indianapolis expecting to win his third straight Funny Car title and had some-

continued



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how lost to Raymond Bendle's Blue Max in the finals.

Because the field is enormous, qualifying runs are held before eliminations at Indy. Prudhomme stuns everyone with a 5.97 elapsed time. Officially, it is the first time a Funny Car has ever gone under six seconds, a marker as significant to drag racers as the four-minute mark once was to milers.

Prudhomme wins his first race, defeating Tom Hoover with a 6.05/234 mph clocking. In the second round he dusts Gordie Bonn. Ron O'Donnell goes down in the third. Gary Burgin, driving a Mustang II, has advanced through the other bracket to the finals, but Prudhomme has lane choice because of his exceptional elapsed times.

Prudhomme frets about the way his wheels were shaking in the semis as his motor is groomed for the last race. He wonders aloud if the left lane—his lane all day—has caused the vibration. The track by now is heavy with burned rubber and oil and traction is hard to come by. Should Prudhomme switch from what has been good for him so far to another lane he knows nothing about? He consults Brandt, probing for an answer. When the signal is given to move the car into the staging lanes, Prudhomme is still undecided.

Months of preparation and thousands of dollars worth of parts have gone into preparing for this race, and now it has come down to a choice of lanes. Just before he fires up his engine, Prudhomme at last makes up his mind. He points to the right-hand lane.

Later Prudhomme was not sure if it had been a patch of oil residue or simply the grain of the track. Burgin's winning time of 6.25 was hundredths of a second slower than the worst time Prudhomme had recorded all week, but Burgin won. That is all that matters.

Sitting at the end of a different kind of asphalt strip the next day, strapped into the seat of a commercial jet, Prudhomme tries to justify the choice that ended his winning streak. Nothing helps. "I blew the lane choice," he says. "I just flat screwed up." Then the engines begin to throb and he is pressed hard against the back of his seat. As the plane's wheels leave the ground, he is free again. So fast.

END

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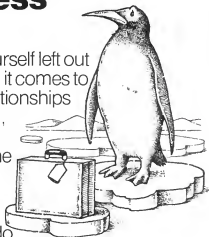
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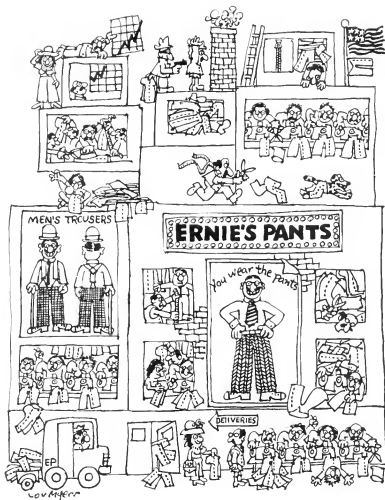
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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED FOR CHRISTMAS.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

DAVE'S DECISION

Sir:

How refreshing to read about a professional athlete who doesn't think through a snicker or talk through an agent's mouth (*The Fire Was Gone and So He Quit*, Nov. 22). Dave Cowens' attitude reflects a person who seems to be not only physically fit, but also psychologically stable enough to consider himself as much more than a commercial package of muscle and sweat.

THOMAS R. JONES
Brooklyn

Sir:

Though not a Boston Celtic fan or a Dave Cowens fan, I have always had the highest regard for Cowens' basketball ability. After reading your article, I respect him even more as a man.

B J LANGE
Palatine, Ill.

Sir:

The average person has little difficulty understanding Dave Cowens' reasons for leaving the Celtics. Many of us have experienced the same feelings in our own careers. We can identify with his thinking and respect the honorable way in which he took his leave. I am sure his actions are puzzling to many other professional superstars, however. Catfish Hunter and George McGinnis must be astounded. Reggie Jackson, Julius Erving and Don Gullett are surely amazed. And can O. J. Simpson or Bobby Hull understand what Cowens has done? Probably not, but I'll have a much easier time explaining Cowens' actions to my 10-year-old sports-fan son than I have had trying to explain the recent actions of some other professional athletes. I wish Cowens the best of luck in whatever he decides to do.

ART BOWERS
Greenwood, Ind.

Sir:

As a Celtic fan I should be saddened by Dave Cowens' leave-taking, but I am not. It takes a big man to play basketball the way he does and an even bigger person to know, and admit it, when his play is uninspired. He gets my vote for MVP, because rather than rip off the fans and the game, he took a break to check his priorities. How many players, superstars or not, are willing to do that? Maybe it is a reminder that sports, although often paying big money, are not bigger than life.

ERIC A. NELSON
Forest Park, Ill.

Sir:

May I suggest that professional sports examine themselves and the monster they have

created. I hope other athletes will not be driven from the sports they love.

GARY F. KEMHART
Carmel, Calif.

ON THE LINE

The Frank Hammond position while calling the service line during a tennis match is, as George Plimpton reported (*On the Firing Line*, Nov. 15), comparable to that of "a sprinter poised in the starting blocks." Nobody can do a Hammond stance like Frank



Unfortunately, SI showed Hammond only in repose, so I'd like to share my photograph of Hammond in action at the U.S. Open this past September.

SHANNON D. CORR
Sportsphoto
New York City

Sir:

For years tennis pros have complained about the quality of officiating, yet tennis does not pay its officials an adequate wage, if any wage at all. If these same players gave up a small portion of their prize money to be set aside for a regular salaries corps of officials, the officiating would improve. You get what you pay for.

PETER F. SALOMON, M.D.
Tucson

BRIGHT HOPES

Sir:

Your Nov. 22 cover of new NFL star Walter Payton of the Bears was most gratifying. Chicago's success this year has been due to the improvement of Payton. Chicago fans have been waiting a long time for a winner and No. 34 could be just what we need.

DAVE PUCIN
Lindenhurst, Ill.

Sir:

Your collection of new NFL stars (*Making a Name for Themselves*) is incomplete. You left out two very good players, Wide Receiver Frank Grant and Running Back Mike Thomas of the Redskins. Drafted by Washington in the 13th round in 1972, Grant replaced the injured Roy Jefferson last year and did a fantastic job. So far this year he has 46 pass receptions for 747 yards and five touchdowns. Thomas rushed for 919 yards last year as a rookie, and he has gained 1,003 yards on 227 attempts and scored five touchdowns to date this year.

FRED SCHEPKEZ
Potomac, Md.

UCLA'S COACH

Sir:

The fine article on UCLA Coach Terry Donahue (*His Nerdpoint Points the Way*, Nov. 22) provided readers with some insight into the prime candidate for the 1976 Coach of the Year award. Although the Bruins stumbled in their last game against the Southern California Trojans, Donahue inspired a team that did not appear among SI's Top 20 at the beginning of the season to a spot in the Top 10. The rookie coach probably did bleed his share of blue and gold after the USC loss, but then so did many other UCLA alumni. We'll be watching for Donahue and his gritty Bruins to bounce back against "Bama in the Liberty Bowl.

JOHN G. SCHAECK, D.D.S.
Santa Rosa, Calif.

RELATIVELY SPEAKING

Sir:

Your account of Kapaia High School's 30-year wait to win the football championship in a three-team league (*SCORECARD*, Nov. 22) reminded me of a story my father used to tell about his graduating class in grade school. There were only three students. One pupil was the valedictorian, a second was the salutatorian and the third finished in the bottom third of the class.

JANE GILMARTIN
Montauk Point, N.Y.

ENLIGHTENED P.E.

Sir:

As a 1963 graduate of San Rafael High School, where I was one of the Bulldogs' least talented and most undisciplined athletes, I read your article *Jim Dandy Gym* (Nov. 15) with great interest.

Where were gym specialist Maseia Arevalo and school board member Gabe Friel when we needed them? I recall spending 10 minutes "dressing out," 15 minutes taking roll call and 25 minutes hiding my knobby

continued

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New Transvue tray

Kodak Carousel projectors.



knees from the girls "across a sex gap as formidable as a gator-filled moat," as Jim Kaplan so accurately described it. I even remember my gym locker number and combination. Oh, how I long to return. I think I left a pack of crush-proof Marlboros and a warm Ramer Ale under my monkey suit.

All of us pre-Recreational Renaissance grads—and others leading sedentary lives and getting regular EKGs—should demand programs similar to San Rafael's in our children's schools.

JOHN WALLACE FRANZMAN
Fresno, Calif.

Sir:

Several years have passed since I had the experience of student-teaching boys' P.E. After one semester of regimentation and complete disillusionment, I wondered whether I was a teacher or a drill sergeant. Judging by San Rafael, it looks as if high school P.E. programs may finally be coming out of the Dark Ages. Hooray for instructors Bill Monti and Marcia Arevalo!

JEFF LINDBERG
Sacramento

Sir:

I am a former P.E. teacher who once attempted to install a similar program on a smaller scale in another state, but was blocked by the administration of the school district. It seems that most view the P.E. program as a catch-all for problem students and not as a part of the educational process.

PHIL WAKE
Idabel, Okla.

Sir:

Thank you for the article on San Rafael's fine physical education program. Our local high school has a similar program, and I welcome it as much as my son enjoys it.

I was surprised and disappointed, however, by one remark in the article: "While most electives strain the muscles, others, such as Frisbee, strain credulity." Your writer is apparently unaware of the ways that Frisbee can be played. Suffice it to say that for years I played pickup basketball a couple of hours a week to keep myself in condition, but recently, owing to a shortage of courts for basketball, I switched to Frisbee. I find the difference, in terms of sweat during play and aches afterward, unnoticeable.

People should realize that the Frisbee is not, in itself, a game. It is a medium, a means to all kinds of games. We have played Frisbee golf, Frisbee football, Frisbee baseball and many other variations.

BRAND FRENTZ
Davis, Calif.

MUSBURGER & CO.

Sir:

It was good to finally learn that overwork is the villain in what I consider to be one of the most dull, imprecise and disorganized sports commentaries currently on the airwaves (TV/RADIO, Nov. 15). Your article

continued



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18TH HOLE continued

about Brent Musburger and other pro football commentators was aptly named (*They Know What the Score Is*, for the score is generally all they know). On CBS's *NFL Today*, Phyllis George adds a new dimension in slapstick reporting. Musburger is hurried, careless and inarticulate, and Irv Cross (possibly the best of the three) gets only crumbs. I'm glad to read that the work schedule is at fault, it's sad, however, that the network is force-feeding us this bland, and often inaccurate, TV journalism as professional reporting. I took your article as an endorsement and am disappointed.

STEVE KENDALL
Danwoody, Ga.

Sir,

Brent Musburger has a pleasant personality, has done a good job on the NBA telecasts and I am sure is quite capable of all types of play-by-play. As an anchorman, however, he just doesn't fill the bill. Most of the time on *NFL Today* he sounds more like the morning deejay on the local bubble-gum rock station than a sportscaster.

CHARLEY HALL
Dayton

Sir,

It was a pleasure to read William Leggett's article on pro football announcers. Praise for the likes of Brent Musburger and Jack Whitaker was long overdue. These men add an extra dimension to the game.

ARTY SUTCLIFFE
Jersey City

Sir,

Brent Musburger was the best in Chicago, and now he is the best everywhere.

LEWIS SOUTHAFF
Wilmette, Ill.

IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT

Sir,

Accolades to Sam Posey, a driver par excellence, for his superb article on Le Mans (*Down a Dark Hall at 185 mph*, Nov. 15). The Manufacturers Championship is a difficult and most demanding series, taxing the talents of the major sports car/GT designers and the drivers. The 24-Hours of Le Mans is the epitome of this mental and physical struggle, and Posey has brought to light the inner fears and complexities of competing in that race.

CAROLINE CENTENO JR.
Boston

GROWTH OF BOWLS

Sir,

As a subscriber since the first issue, I was particularly pleased to see an article on lawn bowling in your Nov. 8 issue (*The Bowl Dots Run in Buxton*, Waies). Rose Mary Mechern was well informed. While the growth of bowls in the U.S. and Canada has been disappointing, we hope that the changes that are taking place will make the game more popular, with more and more young people finding out that as much skill, precision and coordination are

continued



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Tennessee Williams
"Eccentricities of a Nightingale"
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Georg Solti conducts
the Chicago Symphony in an
all-Mendelssohn program
Dec. 5



The American Ballet Theatre
performs "Ballet the Kid"
by Eugene Loring
and "Les Patineurs"
by Frederick Ashton, Dec. 15



Chester Mystery Play—
Medieval theatre
Dec. 22



"Cyrano de Bergerac"
performed by The American
Conservatory Theatre of
San Francisco, Dec. 29
(Repeat)



The Merce Cunningham
Dance Company
Jan. 5



William Gillette's
"Secret Service"
Phoenix Repertory Company
of New York, Jan. 12



Childhood Series, premiere
Rudyard Kipling's
"Baa, Baa, Black Sheep"
Ingrid Bergman hosts, Jan. 19



Childhood Series
"A Great Day for Boris"
by H. E. Bates
Jan. 26



Childhood Series
"Easter Tells Such Dreadful Lies"
by Barbara Waring
Feb. 2



Childhood Series
George Ewart Evans'
"Possessions"
Feb. 9



Childhood Series
Frank O'Connor's
"An Only Child"
Feb. 16



The Martha Graham Dance Company
Feb. 22 (Repeat)



Terese Strating
Richard Strauss's opera
"Der Rosenkavalier" with the Bohemian
Symphony Orchestra
Mar. 2



Cello Mstislav Rostropovich
concert and solos in an
in-house program Mar. 9



The Dance Theatre of Harlem
May 16



Herbert von Karajan and
the Berlin Philharmonic
Beethoven's Symphony No. 2
and Bach's Suite No. 2
May 23



The Lily Lurie-Jillory Ballet
Works by Arden, Jeffrey
and Jacob
Mar. 29 (Repeat)



Chester Mystery Play
Medieval theatre
Apr. 6



Wyla Tharp & Danvers
perform "Soul's Leg—
Remembering the Twenties"
Apr. 13 (Repeat)



Theater in America
Apr. 20



New Directions in Dance
with Portland Dance Theatre
Apr. 27



Theater in America
May 4



Leonard Bernstein
and the Israel Philharmonic
—Mahler's
"The Song of the Earth"
May 11



"Hard Times"
by Charles Dickens
May 15



"Hard Times"
by Charles Dickens
May 26



"Hard Times"
by Charles Dickens
June 1



"Hard Times"
by Charles Dickens
June 8



Leonard Bernstein and the
Boston Symphony Orchestra
Liszt's "A Faust" Symphony
June 15



Tailblazers of Modern Theatre
June 22



The opera classic "Pagliacci"
June 29 (Repeat)



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19TH HOLE continued

required as bowls as in many other sports. Professor Ezra Wyeth of California State University-Northridge, a champion bowler himself, is doing his best to destroy the image that only old people play the game. Through his efforts and coaching, the university now has a credit course in bowls.

There are 22 countries affiliated with the International Bowling Board, including Western Samoa, and in these countries there are more than 8,000 clubs with nearly 600,000 members. Last February at Johannesburg more than 100,000 spectators watched world championship games between 16 countries over 18 days, and on the final day many people could not buy tickets, as the stands held only 10,000.

JOHN HENDERSON

President
International Bowling Board
Vancouver, British Columbia

IOWA GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Sir:

In SCORECARD (Nov. 8) you referred to six-person basketball for girls as being old-fashioned and a static form of the game.

As you well know, here in Iowa girls still play the six-on-a-side game. As you are also aware, this so-called static form attracts 80,000 to 90,000 people annually to our state tournament, not to mention the many people who view the final two nights of action on a multi-state television network. Not too bad for being old-fashioned and static!

Our game allows more girls to participate at one time and lets them perform at a level of ability best suited to them. It seems to me that one of the prime aims of high school athletics should be not to produce Olympic, college or AAU players, but to give competitors the greatest chance to participate. I have had many girls play guard for me who would never have been able to play the five-on-five game.

LYNN D. PHILLIPS

Girls Basketball Coach
Potosi, Iowa

VASSAR'S RECORD

Sir:

THE FACES IN THE CROWD item (Nov. 15) on Bala Jinhuma, Vassar soccer star, stated that the team had a 7-0 record. That was only its league record. Last readers think Vassar played only half a schedule, we should point out that the combined league and non-league record was 11-2.

RANDY FORGES

NICK BLANCHET
Co-Captain
Vassar Soccer Team
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York, 10020

'Tis the C.C. Season!

Time for that spirited holiday cheer that C.C. is famous for. And now, for the holiday season, C.C. comes beautifully gift-wrapped at no extra charge.

A bottle of Canadian Club whisky stands next to its gift-wrapped box. The box is wrapped in silver paper with various country names printed in colorful, stylized fonts, including 'GERMANY', 'JAPAN', 'CANADA', 'BRITAIN', 'SWEDEN', 'ITALY', 'FRANCE', 'NETHERLANDS', 'BELGIUM', 'AUSTRIA', 'SPAIN', 'PORTUGAL', 'GREECE', 'TURKEY', 'INDIA', 'PAKISTAN', 'AFGHANISTAN', 'CHINA', 'HONG KONG', 'TAIWAN', 'KOREA', 'JAPAN', 'PHILIPPINES', 'MALAYSIA', 'SINGAPORE', 'THAILAND', 'LAOS', 'BURMA', 'CAMBODIA', 'VIETNAM', 'MYANMAR', 'INDONESIA', 'AUSTRALIA', 'NEW ZEALAND', 'SOUTH AFRICA', 'EGYPT', 'LIBYA', 'ALGERIA', 'TUNISIA', 'MOROCCO', 'MEXICO', 'CUBA', 'HAITI', 'DOMINICAN REPUBLIC', 'PUERTO RICO', 'VENEZUELA', 'COLOMBIA', 'PERU', 'CHILE', 'ARGENTINA', 'BRAZIL', 'PARAGUAY', 'URUGUAY', 'VENEZUELA', 'COLOMBIA', 'PERU', 'CHILE', 'ARGENTINA', 'BRAZIL', 'PARAGUAY', 'URUGUAY'. The bottle has a white label with 'IMPORTED' in a gold banner, the Canadian Club crest, and the text 'Canadian Club', 'Blended Canadian Whisky', 'Distilled and Bottled under Canadian Law', 'Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons, Limited, Walkerville, Ontario, Canada', and 'THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD'. To the left of the bottle is a glass filled with whisky and ice cubes. In the foreground, there are red maple leaves. The background is dark and moody.



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Brand S Menthol 100	19	1.2
Brand W 100	18	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand K Menthol	17	1.3
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K	16	1.0

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Brand D Menthol	14	1.0
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand K Mids Menthol	13	0.8
Brand T Menthol	11	0.7
Brand T	11	0.6
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
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